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OR

British Harmony

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Embelish'd with Designs adapted to each Song

IN TWO VOLUMES

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MDCCLIX

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Set to Musick by Mr Oswald

dwell then in my Oboes warmer Cell Forgive me briskly
Mistress since by thee I first was taught sweet
Gently
Liberty dear Liberty forgive me Mistress since by Thee I
briskly Gently
first was taught sweet Liberty

Soonas ỹ welcome spring shall chear
With genial Warmth ỹ drooping Year
Ill tell upon the topmost Spray
Thy sweeter Notes Improv'd my lay
Whilst in my Prison taught by thee
To warble forth sweet Liberty

Waste not on me an useless care
That kind concern let Strephon share
Slight are my Sorrows slight my Pain
To those that the poor Captive feels
Who kept in hopeless bonds by thee
Yet strives not for his Liberty

A new Dialogue in Harlequin Sorcerer

Moderately brisk

He

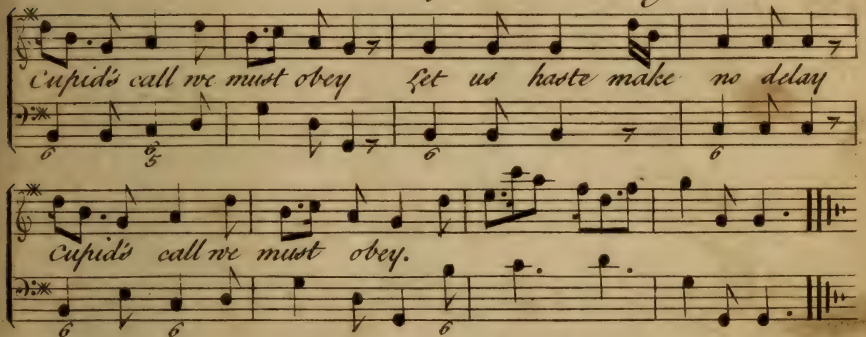
Dearest Daphne turn thine Eyes Jocund Day be gins to

rise See the Morn with Roses crownd Sprinkling Dew drops

on the Ground Love Invites to yonder Grove where only

Lovers dare to rove Let us haste make no delay

Set to Musick by Mr. Arne Junr.



She

Ah Philander I'm Afraid,
There poor Laura was betray'd
By young Strephons subtile wiles
Soothing words & artfull smiles,
Simple Maids are soon undone;
When there simple Hearts are won
Press me not I must away,
And Honour strict commands obey.

He

Gentle Daphne fear not you
I'll be ever kind and true
Think no more on Laura's fate
View yon Turtle & its Mate
See how freely they Impart
The Impulse of each others Heart
Like them my Fair lets Sport & play
Nature prompts us to obey.

She Shepherd I perceive your aims
You and Strephon are the same,
You like him would me betray,
Should I trust what e'er you say,

He If Daphne doubts let Hymens bands,
This Instant Join our willing Hands,
The Invitation I obey,
And Love with Honour will repay.

Harvest Home

Come Roger and

Nell come Simkin & Bell each Lad with his Lass hither come with

singing & dancing in pleasure advancing to celebrate Harvest Home 'Tis

Ceres bids play & keep Holyday to celebrate Harvest Home Harvest

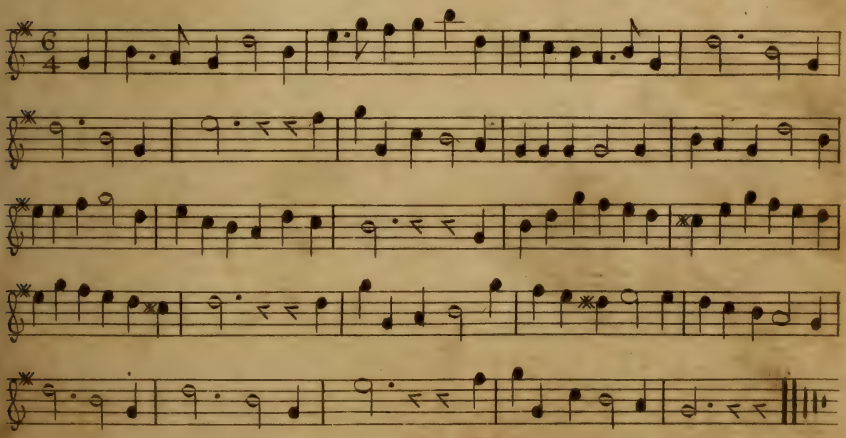
Home Harvest Home to celebrate Harvest Home

Sung by Mr Lowe in the Sorcerer

Our Labour is o'er, & our Barns in full store,
Now swell with rich Gifts of the Land;
Let each Man then take, for the Prong & the Rake,
His Can and his Lass in his hand,
Chorus. For Ceres bids Play, &c.

No Courtiers can be so happy as we,
In Innocence Pastime & Mirth;
While thus we Carrouse with our Sweet-heart or Spouse,
And rejoice o'er the Fruits of the Earth,
Chorus. When Ceres bids Play, &c.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



The Warning

Set by Mr Long

Easily

Lovers who wast your

Thoughts & Youth in Passions soft Extreams and Dream of Women Love and

Truth and dost up on your Dreams I shall not here your fancy take from

such a Pleasing state were you not sure at last to wake and

find your fault too Late

Then Learn betimes ye Love which crowns
Our Cares is all but Wiles,
Compos'd of false Fantastick Frowns
And soft dessembling smiles,
With Anger which sometimes they feign
They cruel Tyrants prove;
And then turn Flatterers again,
With as affected Love?

As if some Injury were meant?
To those they kindly Us'd,
Those Lovers are the most content,
That have been still refus'd,
Since each has in his bosom nurs'd,
A false and fawning Foe;
'Tis Just & wise by Striking first,
To scape the Fatal Blow.

A Favourite Air in Alfred set by Mr Oswald

with Spirit

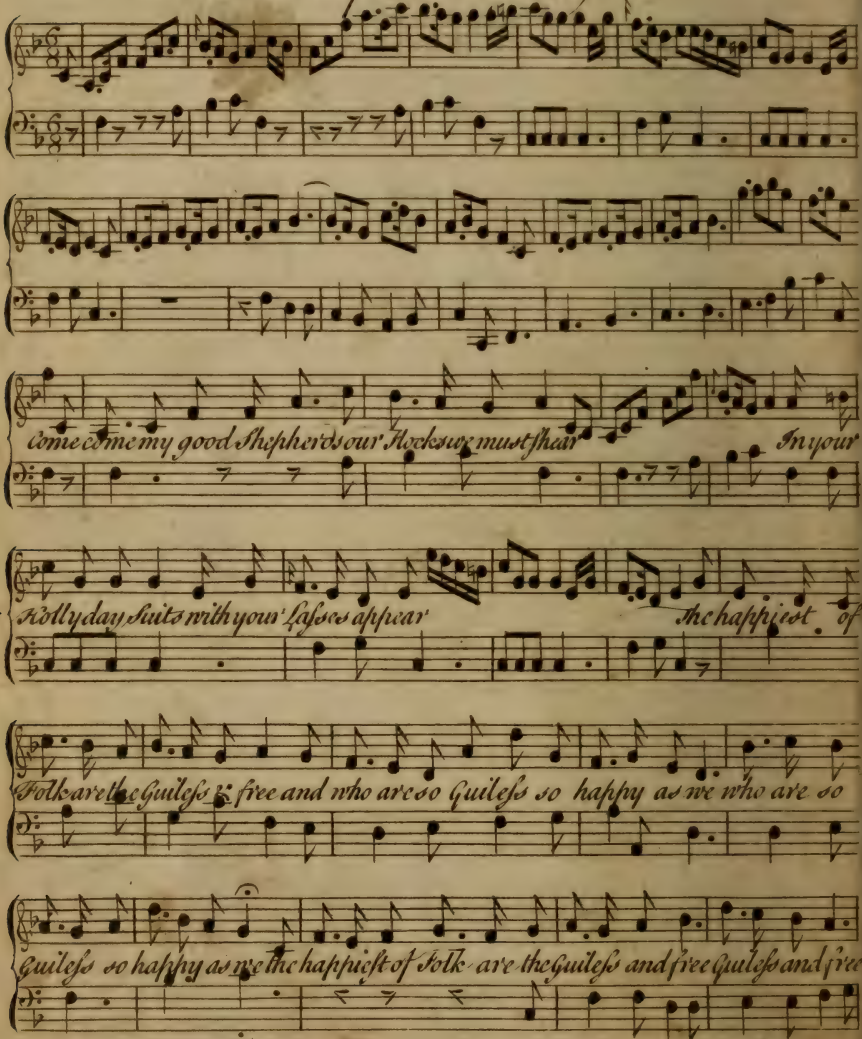
O Joy of Joys to lighten Woe best Pleasure Pleasure to bestow best Pleasure

Pleasure to bestow what Raptures then his Heart expand who lives to bless a

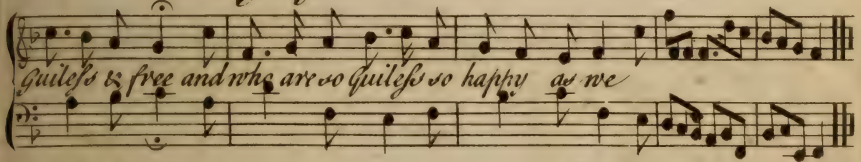
grateful Land who lives to bless a grateful Land.

For him ten Thousand bosoms beat
His name consenting Crowds repeat,
From Soul to Soul the Passion runs,
And Subjects kindle into Sons.

The Sheep Shearing


Come come my good Shepherds our Flocks we must shear In your
Holly day Suits with your Lasses appear the happiest of
Folk are the Guiless & free and who are so Guiless so happy as we who are so
Guiless so happy as we the happiest of Folk are the Guiless and free Guiless and free

Sung by Mrs Cibber

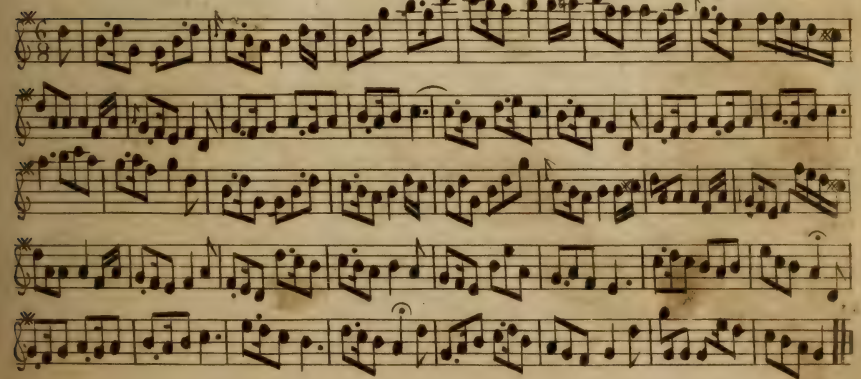


We harbour no Passions, by Luxury taught,
We practice no Arts, with Hypocrisy fraught
What we think in our Hearts, you may read in our Eyes,
For knowing no Falsehood, we need no Disguise.

By mode & Caprice are the City Dames led
But we as the Children of nature are bread;
By her Hands alone, we are Painted and dress't,
For the Roses will bloom when there's peace in y breast.

That Giant Ambition, we never can dread,
Our views are too low, for so lofty a Head,
Content & sweet Chearfulness, open our Door,
They smile with the simple, & feast with the Poor.

When Love has possess'd us, that Love we reveal,
Like the Flocks that we feed, are the passions we feel,
So harmless & Simple, we sport, & we play,
And leave to fine Folk, to deceive and betray.



Damon and Florella

Moderately

:S:

Cast my Love thine Eyes around See the Sportive Lambkins play Nature

:S:

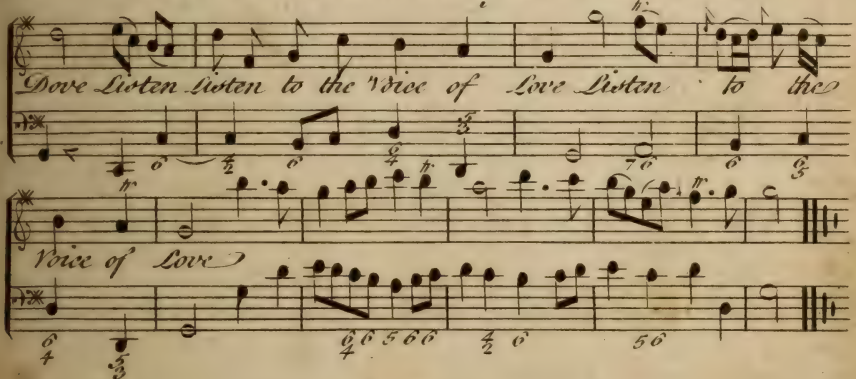
gayly decks the Ground all in Honour of the May Nature gayly

decks the Ground all in Honour of the May

Like the Sparrow and the Dove Listen

to the Voice of Love Like the Sparrow and the

Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



Florella

Damon thou hast found me long
Listning to thy soothing Tale,
And thy soft persuasive Song,
Often held me in the Dale
Take O Damon while I live,
All which Virtue ought to give.

Damon

Not the Verdure of the Grove
Nor the Gardens fairest Flowers
Nor the Meads where Lovers rove
Tempted by the Vernal Hours
Can Delight thy Damons Eye
If Florella is not by.

Florella

Not the Waters gentle fall,
By the Bank with Poplars crownd;
Nor the Feather'd Songsters all,
Nor the Flutes melodious Sound,
Can Delight Florella's Ear,
If her Damon is not near.

Duett

Let us Love and Let us Live;
Like the chearful Seasons gay,
Banish Care and Let us give,
Tribute to the fragrant May:
Like the Sparrow & the Dove,
Listen to the Voice of Love.

On an Absent Friend by Mr. Pope

Slow

No more the

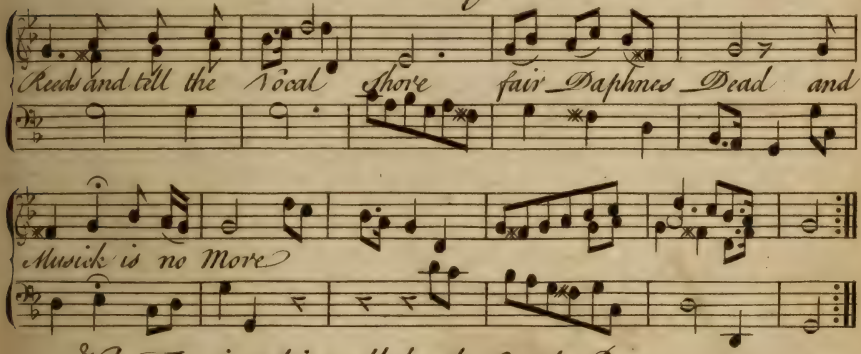
Mourning Lark while Daphne sings shall Listning in mid Air suspend their Wing No

more the Nightingale repeat her Lays or husht with Wonder

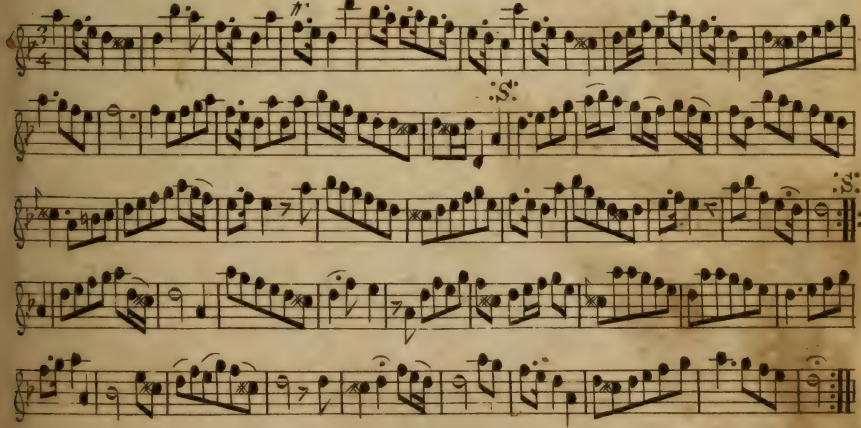
hearken from the Spray No More the Streams their Murmurs shall

Forbear a Sweeter Musick than their own to hear But tell the

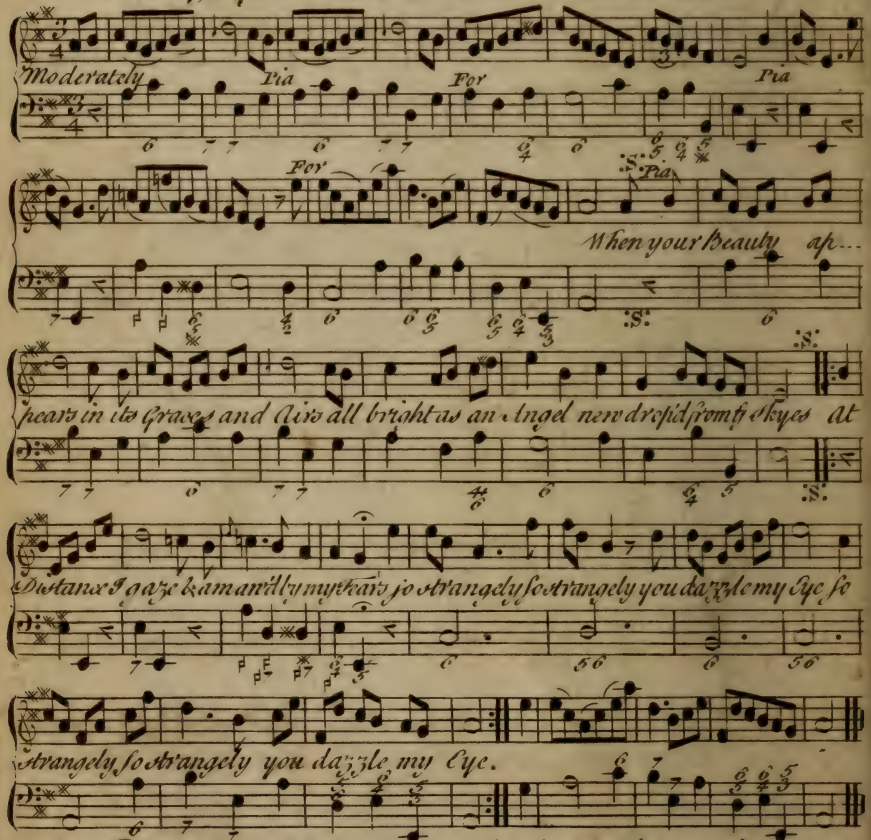
Set to Musick by Mr Buswell



Her Fate is whisper'd by the Gentle Breeze
And told in Sighs to all the Trembling Trees
The Trembling Trees in ev'ry Plain & Wood
Her Fate remurmer to the Silver Flood
The Silver Flood so lately Calm Appears
Swell'd with new Passion and o'erflows with Tears
The Winds and Trees and Floods her Death Deplore
Daphne our Grief our Glory is no More



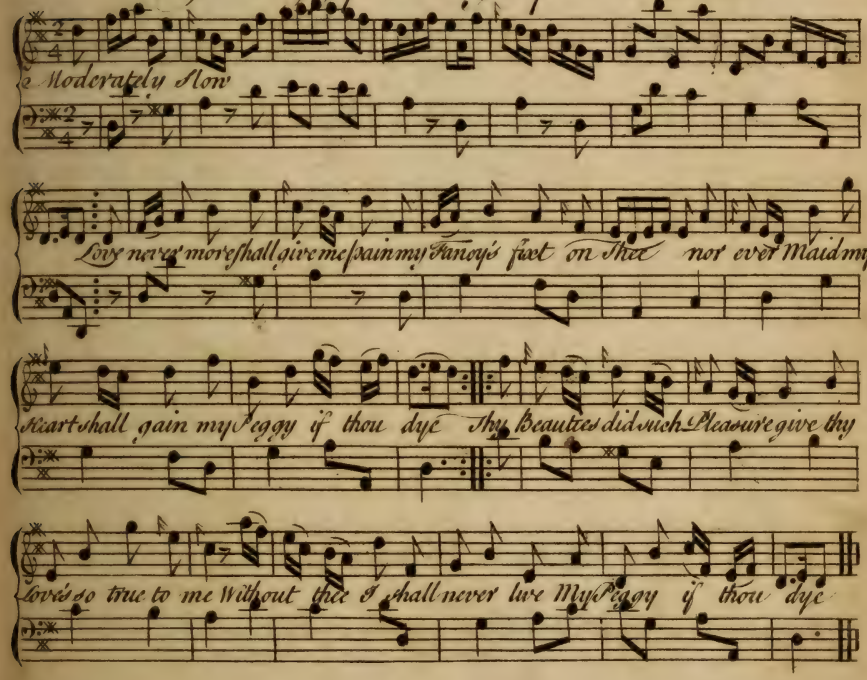
Sung by Mr Lowe at Vaux Hall


Moderately
Pia
For
Pia
For
Pia
When your Beauty ap...
pears in its Grace, and Arm all bright as an Angel new dropt from the Skyes at
Distance I gaze & a man all by my fears so strangely, so strangely you dazzle my Eye, so
strangely, so strangely you dazzle my Eye.

But when without Art your kind Thoughts you impart,
When your Love runs in Blushes through every Vein,
When it darts from your Eyes when it pants in your Heart;
Then I know you're a Woman, a Woman again.

There's a Passion & pride in our Sex she replyd,
And thus might I gratify both, I would do,
An Angel appear to each Lover beside,
But still be a Woman, a Woman to you.

My Peggy Sung by Mr Lowe


Moderately Slow
Love's never more shall give me pain my Fancy's feet on Thee nor ever Maid my
Heart shall gain my Peggy if thou dye Thy Beauties did such Pleasure give thy
Love's so true to me Without thee I shall never live My Peggy if thou dye

If Fate shall tear Ye from my breast
How lonely shall I stray;
In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waste
In Sighs the silent Day;
I ne'er can so much Virtue find,
Nor such Perfection see;
Then I'll renounce all Womankind,
My Peggy after Thee.

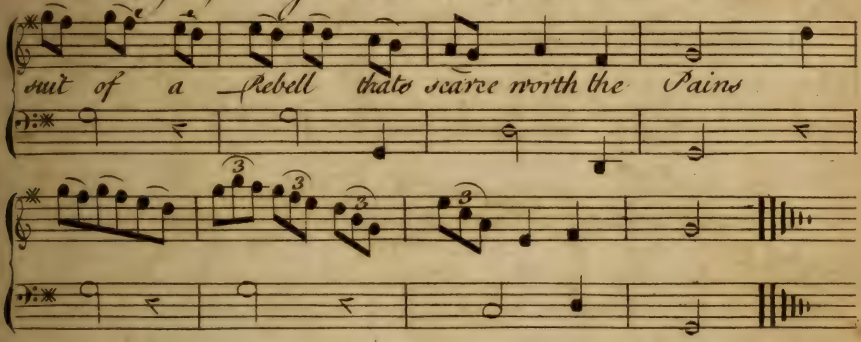
No new blown Beauty fires my heart,
With Cupid's raving Rage,
But thine which can such Sweets Impart
Must all the World engage;
'Twas those that like the Morning Sun,
Gave Joy and Life to me;
And when its destin'd Day is done,
With Peggy let me dye.

Ye Pow'rs that smile on Virtue's Love,
And in such Pleasure share;
You who its faithful Flames approve,
With Pitty view the Fair,
Restore my Peggy's wonted Charms
Those Charms so dear to me,
Oh! never rob them from those Arms
I'm lost if Peggy dies.

A Favourite Song

Did you see eer a Shepherd ye Nymphs pass this
Way Crownd with Myrtle and all the gay Verdure of May tis my
Shepherd Oh bring him once more to my Eyes from his
Lucy in search of new Pleasures he Ayes all the
Day how I travelld and toild over the Plains in Pur
suit of a Rebell thats scarce worth the pains In Pur

Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vaux Hall



Take Care Maids take Care when he flatters & swears,
How you trust your own Eyes, or believe your own Ears,
Like the Rose-bud in June, ev'ry Hand hell invite,
But wound the kind Heart, like the Thorn out of Sight,
And trust me who e'er my false Shepherd detains,
Shell find him a Conquest thats scarce worth her Pains.

Three Months at my Feet did he Languish & Sigh,
Ere he gaind a kind Word or a tender Reply,
Love, Honour & Truth, were the Themes that he sung,
And he vow'd that his Soul was a kin to his Tongue,
Too soon I believ'd & reply'd to his Strains,
And gave him too frankly my Heart for his Pains.

The Trifle once gaind, like a Boy at his Play,
Soon the Wanton grew weary, & flung it away,
Now cloy'd with my Love, from my Arms he does fly,
In Search of another as Silly as I;
But trust me who e'er my false Shepherd detains,
Shell find him a Conquest thats scarce worth her Pains.

Beware all ye Nymphs how ye sooth the fond Flame,
And believe in good Time all the Sex are the Same;
Like Strephon from Beauty to Beauty they range,
Like him they will flatter, dissemble & Change,
And do all we can still this Maxim remains,
That a Man when we've got him is scarce worth y^e Pains.

The Reasonable Lover

Easily

I seek not at

once in a Female to find the form of a Venus with Pallas's Mind Let the

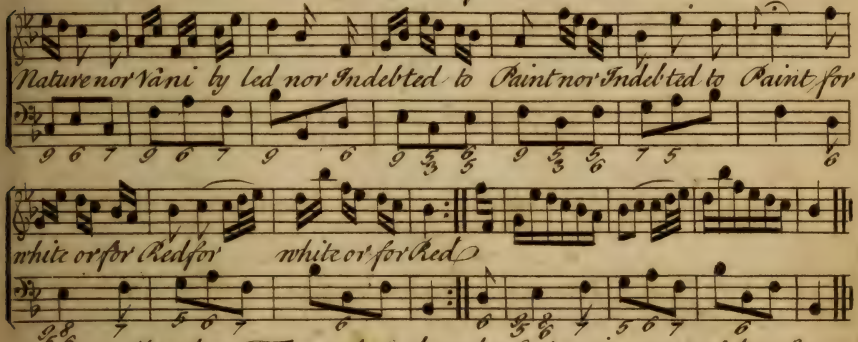
Girl that I Love have but Prudence in View that tho' she deceive I may still think her

True

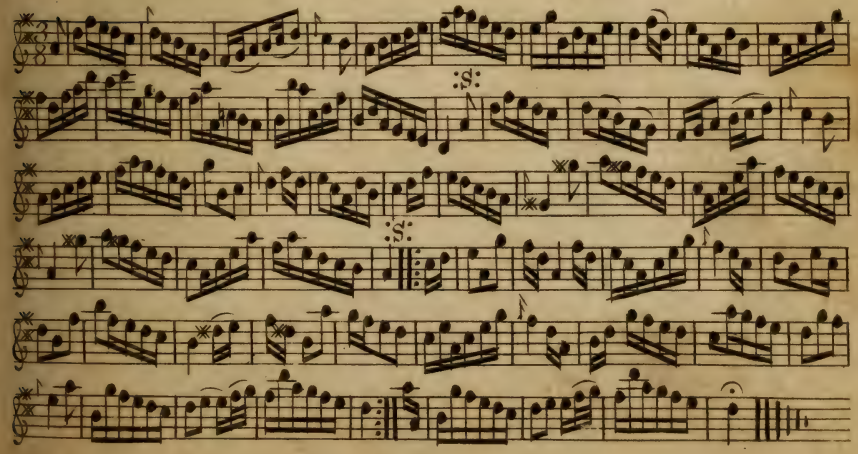
be her Person not beautious but

pleasing & clean Let her Temper be cloudless & open her Mein by Fol by All

Set to Musick by Mr Arne



May her Tongue that dread Weapon in most of her sex,
Be employ'd to delight us, & not to perplex,
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a Jest,
For Prudes I despise, and Coquets I detest,
May her Humour the Taste of the Company hit,
Not affectedly wise or too pert with her Wit,
Go find out the Fair, that is form'd on my Plan,
And I'll love her for ev'er I mean if I Can.



The Happy He

Moderate

S.

To make the Wife kind & to

keep ye House still you must be of her mind let her say what she will in all that she

does you must give her her way but tell her shes wrong & you lead her astray but

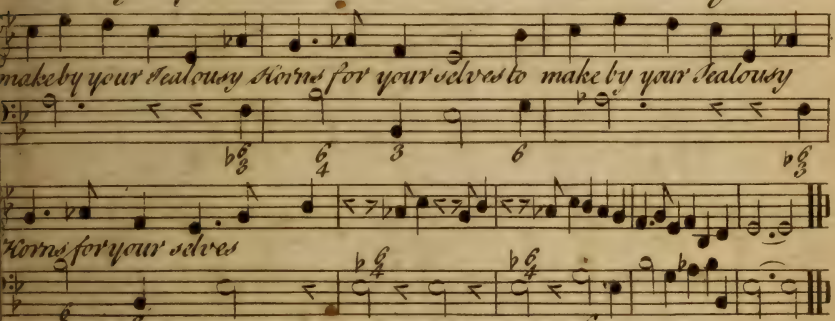
S.

tell her shes wrong & you lead her astray

Then Husbands take care of Suspicion beware your Wives may be true if you

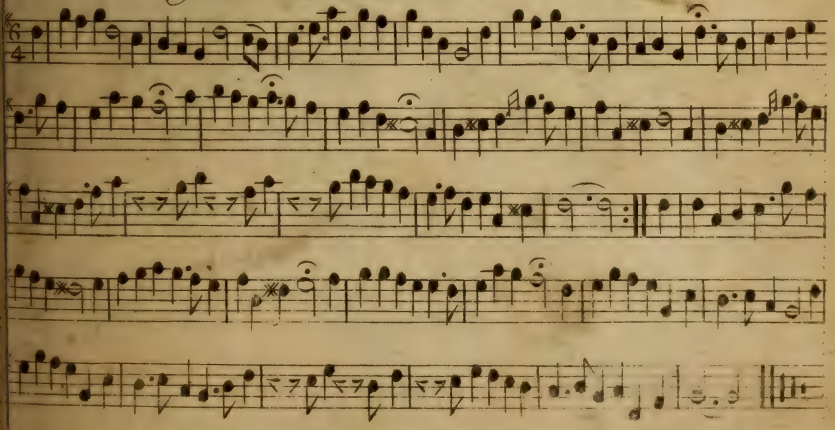
fancy they are with Confidence trust them and be not such Elves to

Sung by Mr Beard at Ranelaugh



Abroad all the Day if she Chuses to roam,
Seem pleas'd with her absence, she'll sigh to come home,
The Man she likes best, and wants most to be at,
Be sure to commend it, she'll hate him for that.
Then Husbands &c.

What Vertues she has you may safely oppose
What e'er are her Follyes commend her for those
Approve all the Schemes that she lays for a Man
For name but a Vice & she'll err if she can.
Then Husbands &c.



The Modern Rake

Sprightly

When e'er a beautious Nymph I spy my fancys all on Fire I long to her Em

brace to fly & revel in desire my

faith I swear I sigh my pain tho much for both too wise for Conquest ne'r attends the

Swain who cant himself disguise for Conquest ne'r attends the Swain who cant himself di

guise who cant himself disguise

Then should the fair one Haughty prove,
And my fond suit disdain;
When Arts nor bold nor tender move,
She's soon forgot again.
But if to Crown me with Success,
She kindly does Comply,
I of the Nymph require but this;
To love as long as I.

The Gear and the Bragrie o't

Brisk

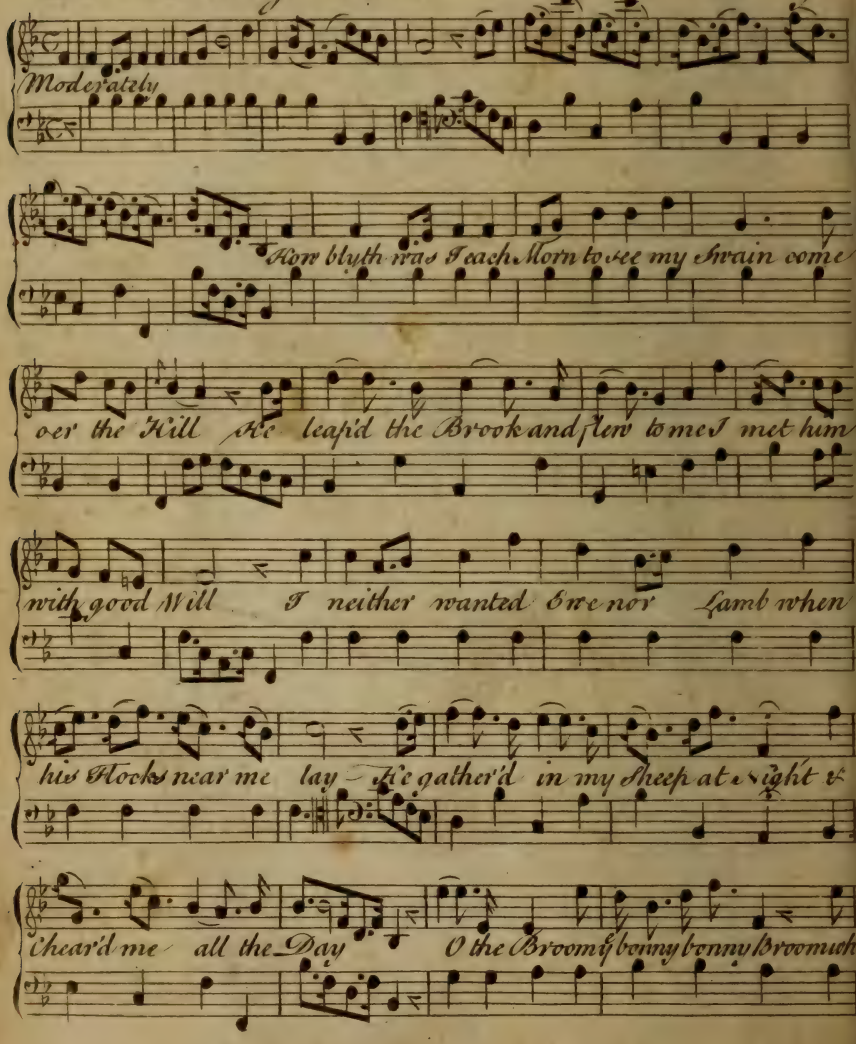
O shame light on this World's Pelf when I see how
little o't I've got to my self' I'm wae when I look on my tread bare Coat O
Shame fa' the Gear & the Bragrie o't

For Jenny was the Lass that muckd i' Byre,
But now she is clad in her Silken attire,
And Jenny was i' Lass that wore the plaiden Coat,
O Shame fa' the Gear and the Bragrie o't.

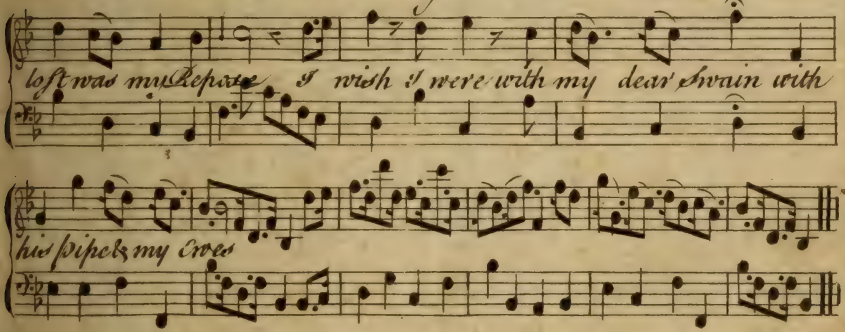
And Jockey was i' Ladie that gade at i' Plough,
Tho' now he's gotten Gowd & Gear enough,
But I have seen i' Day when he was not worth a groat,
O Shame fa' the Gear and i' Bragrie o't.

But all this shall never Dauntin me,
As long as I keep my fancy free,
As longe I have a Penny to pay for my pot,
May i' Diel take i' Gear & i' Bragrie o't.

The Bonny Broom a Favourite Song

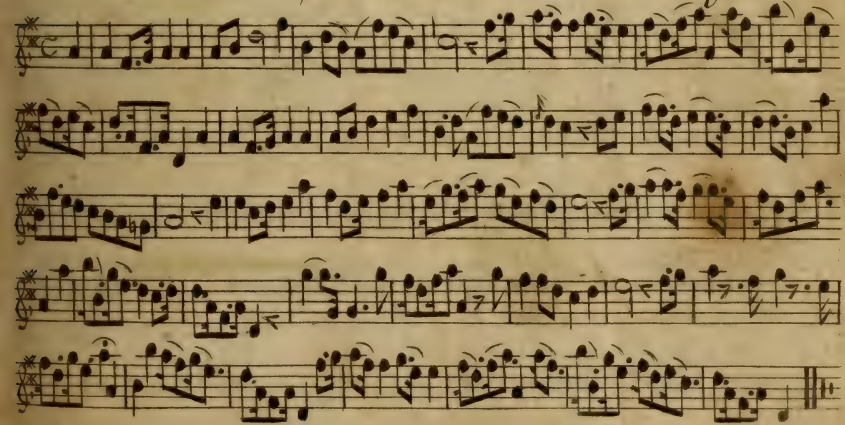

Moderately
How blyth was I each Morn to see my Swain come
over the Hill He leap'd the Brook and flew to me I met him
with good Will I neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb when
his Flocks near me lay He gather'd in my Sheep at Night &
Chear'd me all the Day O the Broom y bonny bonny Broom ich

Set to Musick by Mr Arne



He tand his Pipe & Reed sae sweet
The Birds stood listning by
The fleecy sheep stood still & gazd
Charm'd with his Melody
While thus we spent our time by turn
Betwixt our Flocks & Play
I envyd not ye fairest Dame
Tho ever so rich and Gay
O the Broom &c

He did oblige me evry Hour
Could I but faithfull be
He stole my Heart could I refuse
What ever he askid of me
Hard fate that I must banishd be
Gang heavily & mourn
Because I lovd ye kindest Swain
That ever yet was born
O the Broom &c



To keep my Gentle Jessey

Gently

To keep my gentle Jessy what

Labour would seem hard Each toylsome Task how

ea sy Her Love the sweet reward the

Sweet reward her Love the sweet reward the sweet re

ward her Love the sweet reward The Bee thus uncomplaining Es

A Favourite Song Set by Mr Arne

seems no Toyl severe The Bee thus uncomplaining Esteems no

Toyl severe the sweet reward obtaining of Honey all the

Year the sweet reward obtaining of Honey all the Year the

sweet reward of Honey all the Year the sweet re

ward of Honey all the Year

For the German Flute

Friendship United Set by Mr Bell

Moderately As pleasing as

Shades to away faring swain when the Ardour of Phœbus has

dead'd the schorched Plain as Groves to the Linnet or Thyme to the

Bee so welcome my fair one's welcome to me

Whom Love has united no Tyrants can part,
Or can time e'er efface what's Engrav'd in y^e Heart;
Remembrance survives when all Rapture is past,
And friendship's a Flame that burns bright to y^e last.

The Innocent Fair. Set by Mr Bell

Gently

Young I am & yet unskill'd how to make a Lov..er yield how to

keep or how to gain when to Love and when to Feign

Take me take me Some of You While I yet am young and

true E'er I can my Soul disguise Heave my Breasts &

roll my Eyes

Stay not till I learn the Way,
How to lye and to betray;
He that takes me first is best,
For I may deceive the rest;
Could I meet a blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth,
Brisk, and of a Gentle Mien,
I should long to be Fifteen.

The Virgins Wish Set by Mr Bell

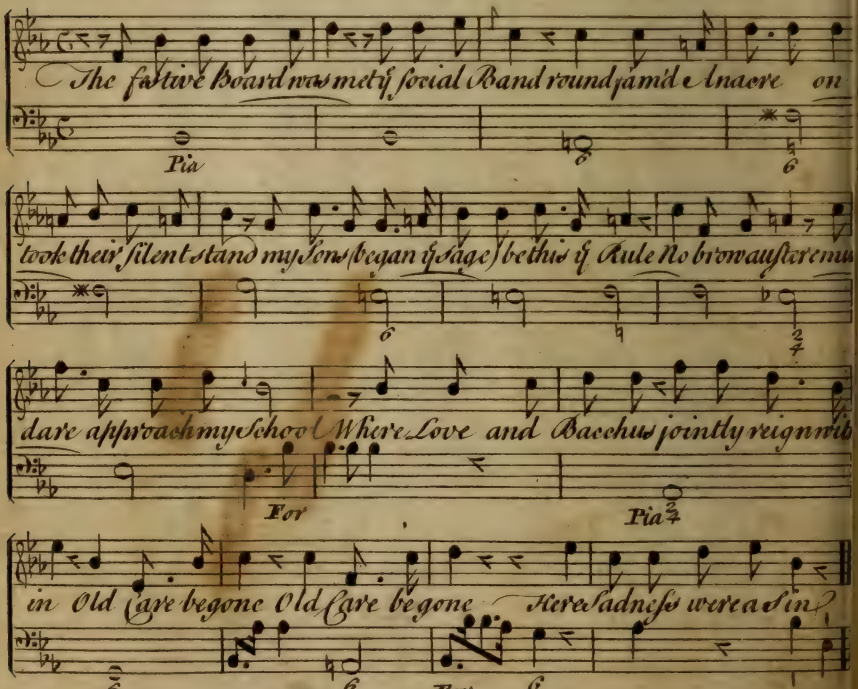
Virgins if eer at length it prove my Dis...ti...ny to be in
Love pray wish me such a Fate May Wit and
Prudence be my Guide and may a little decent Pride my
Actions re....gu...late

Such Statelines's I mean as may
Keep nauseous fools & fops away
But still oblige the wise
That may secure my Modesty
And Guardian to my honour be
When Passion does arise

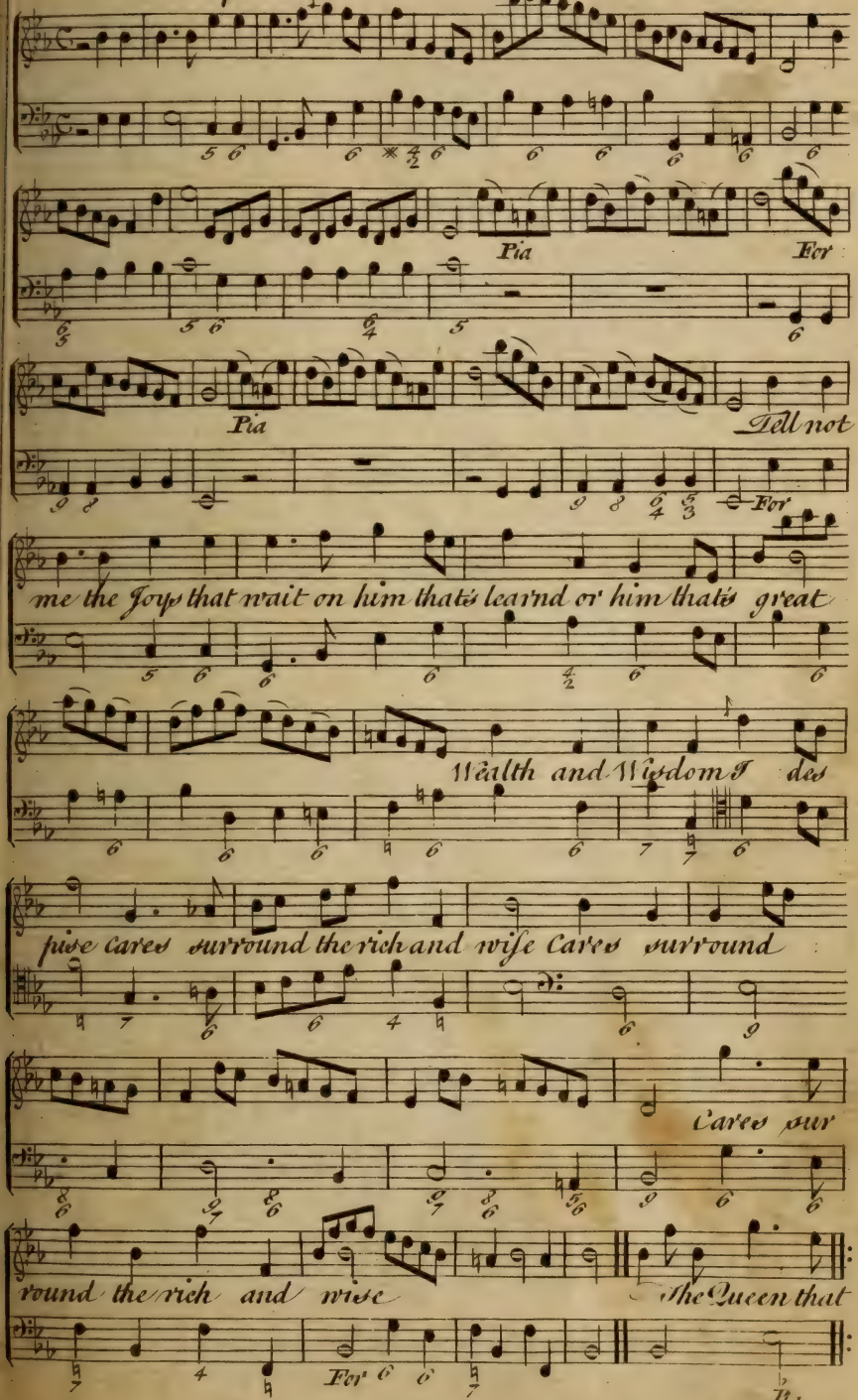
When first a Love I commence
May it be with a Man of Sence
And Learned Education
May all his Courtship easy be
Neither too formal nor too free
But mildly shew his Passion

May his Estate agree with mine
That nothing look like a Design
To bring us into Sorrow
Grant me all this that I have said
And willingly I'd live a Maid
No longer than to Morrow.

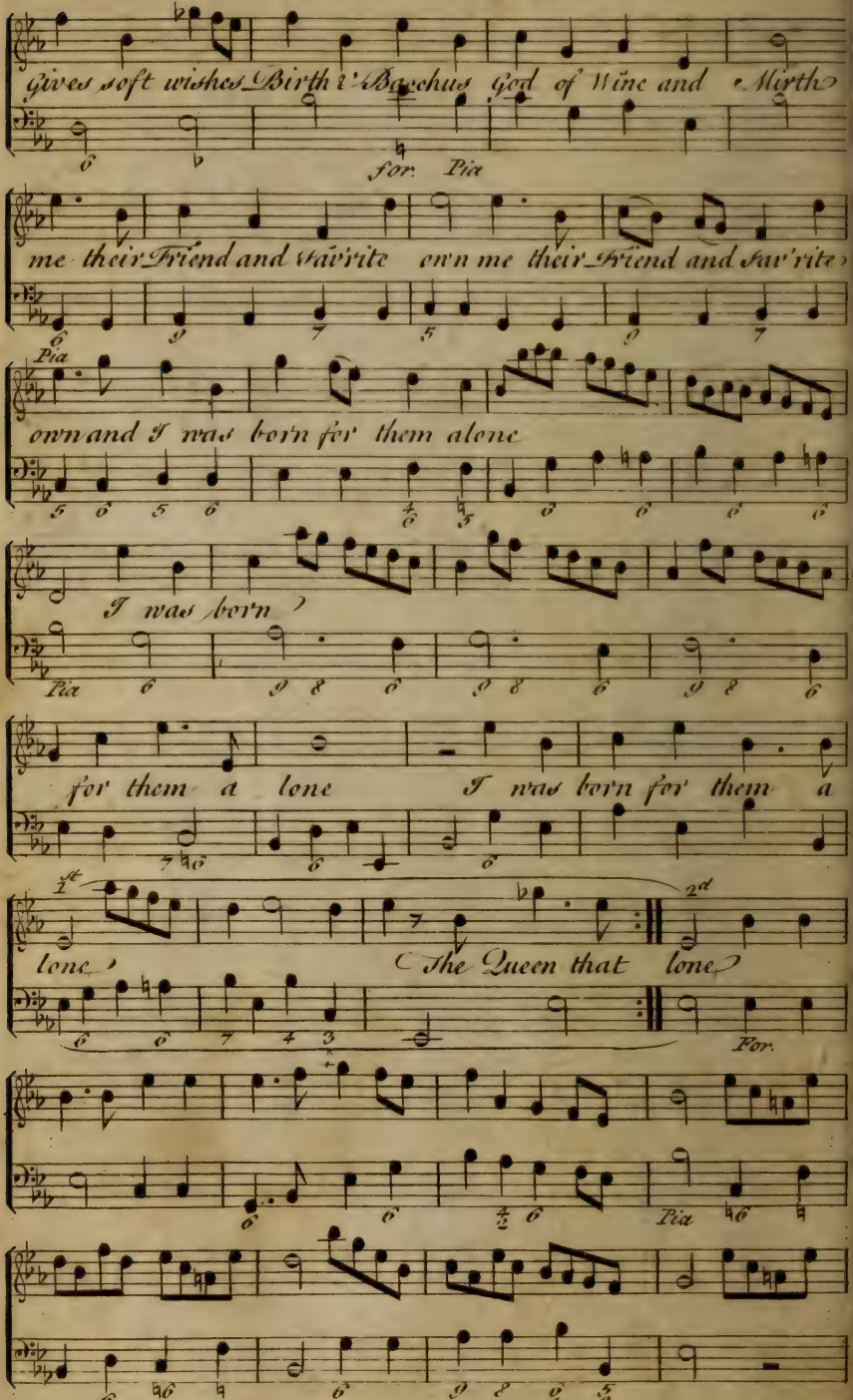
The School of Anacreon


The festive Board was met, social Band round jam'd Anacreon
Pia
took their silent stand my Sons began (sage) be this (Rule No brow austere mu
dare approach my Schoo Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign wit
For
Pia
in Old Care begone Old Care begone Here Sadness were a Sin
For

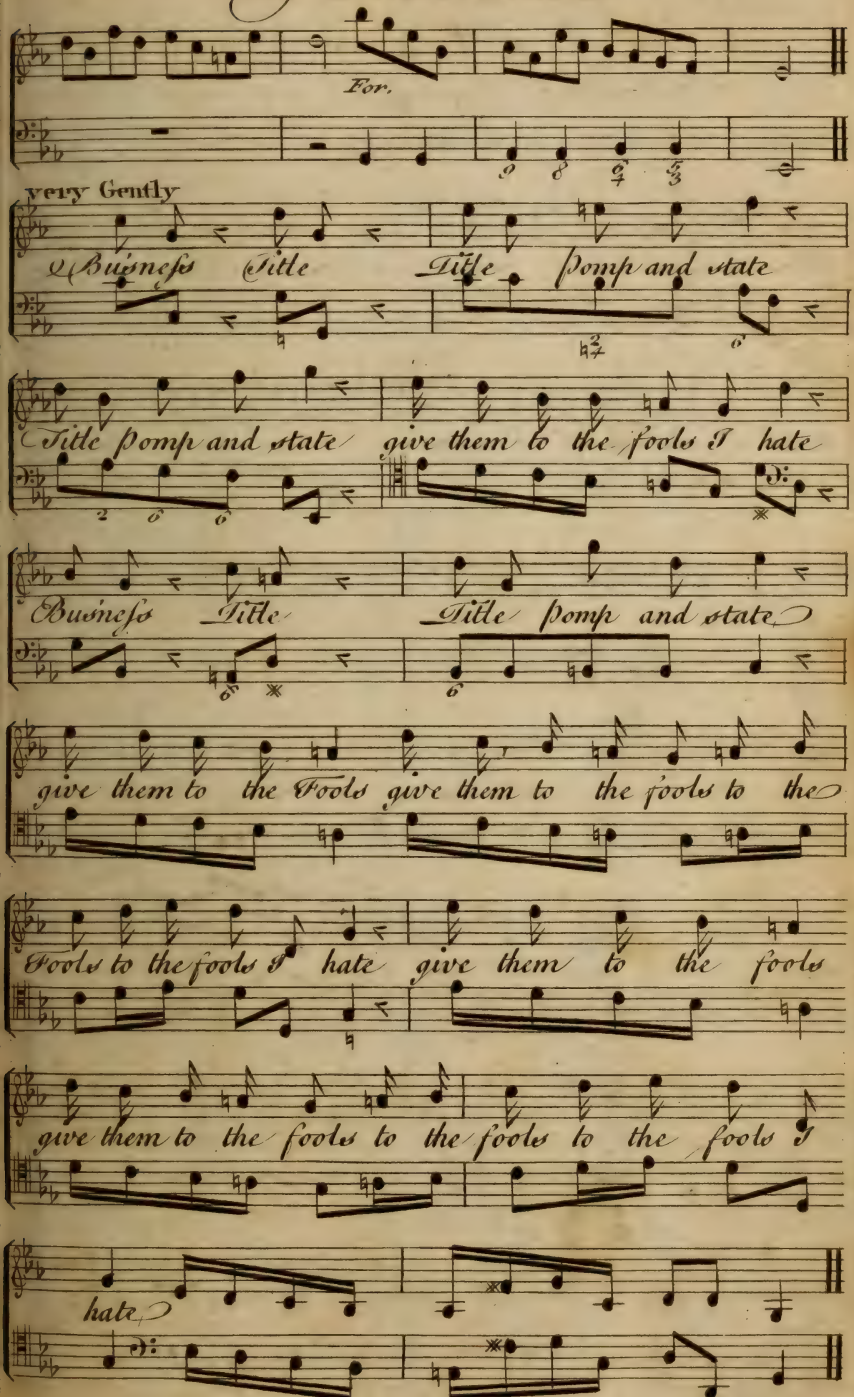
A favourite Cantata



Set to Musick

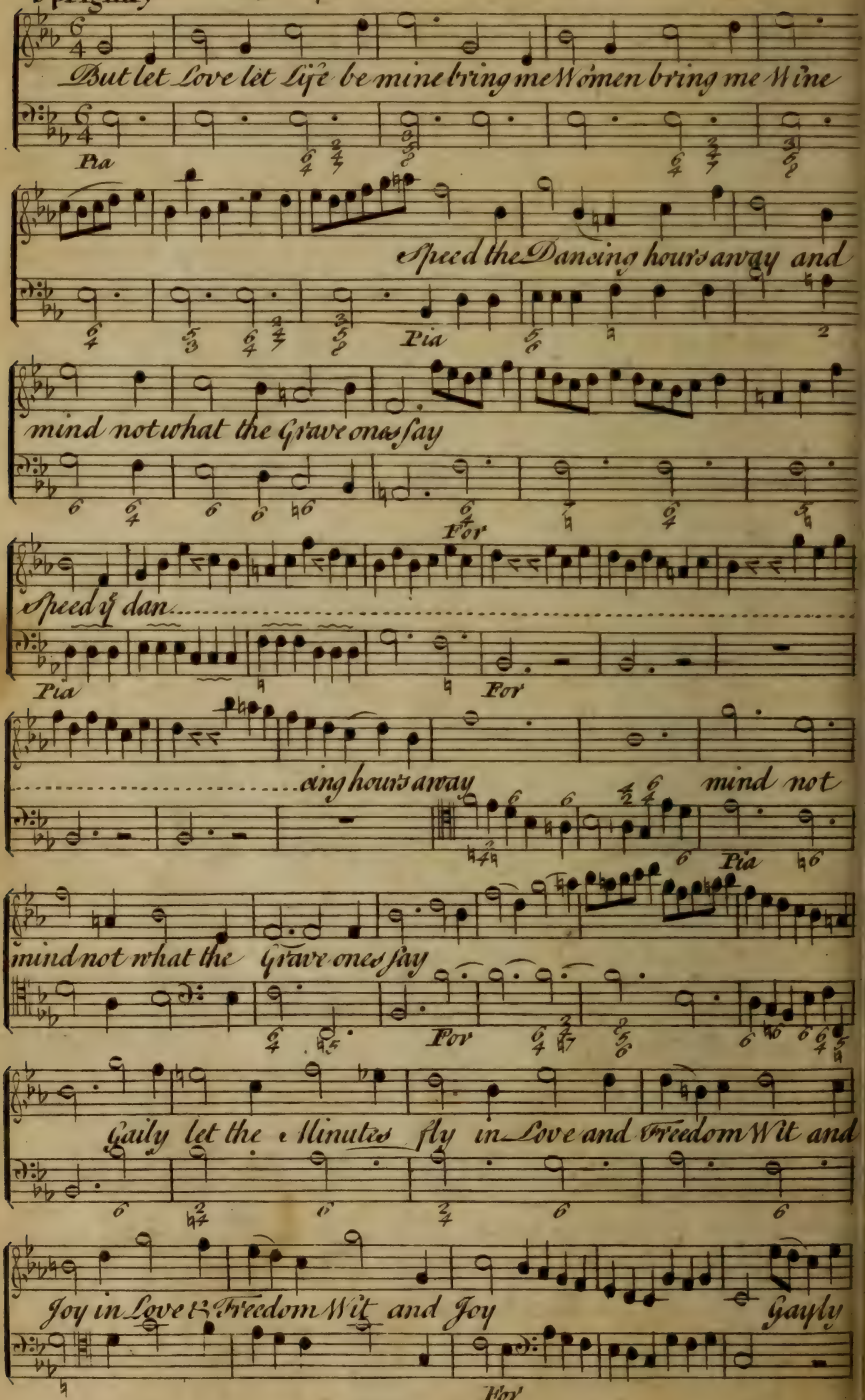

Gives soft wishes Birth to Bacchus God of Wine and Mirth
For. Pia
me their Friend and Fav'rite
own and I was born for them alone
I was born
for them a lone I was born for them a
lone
The Queen that lone
For.
Pia

by Mr. Arne

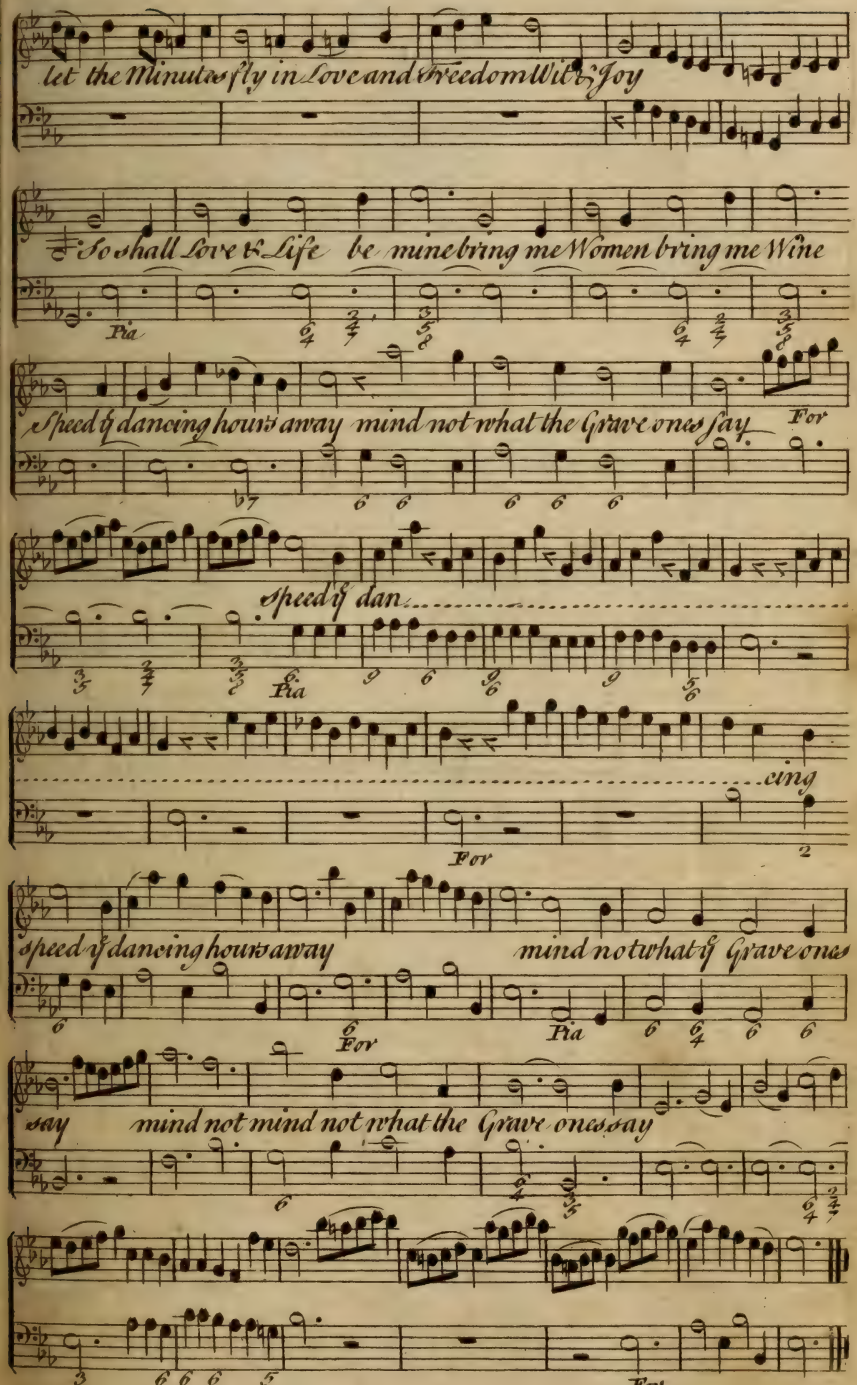

For.
very Gently
Business Title Title Pomp and state
Title Pomp and state give them to the fools I hate
Business Title Title Pomp and state
give them to the Fools give them to the fools to the
Fools to the fools I hate give them to the fools
give them to the fools to the fools to the fools I
hate

Sung by Mr Lowe

Sprightly


But let Love let Life be mine bring me Women bring me Wine
Pia
Speed the Dancing hours away and
Pia
mind not what the Grave ones say
For
Speed ye dan
Pia
For
cing hours away mind not
Pia
mind not what the Grave ones say
For
Gaily let the Minutes fly in Love and Freedom Wit and
Joy in Love & Freedom Wit and Joy Gayly
For

at Vaux Hall


let the Minutes fly in Love and Freedom With Joy
So shall Love & Life be mine bring me Women bring me Wine
Pia
For
Speed ye dancing hours away mind not what the Grave ones say
Speed ye dan
cing
For
Pia
speed ye dancing hours away mind not what ye Grave ones
For
Pia
say mind not mind not what the Grave ones say
For

A Favourite Song Set by Mr Riley

very gently Ye

gentle Winds y^t fan the Sea and wave the fragrant Bow'r bear hence my

Sighs & haste to me the swain whom I adore In vain fair Flora

spreads her charms o'er ev'ry Hill and Vale while absent from my longing Arms

Roger of the Dale.

Let wanton Nymphs & Swains employ,
In sensual Love their Days;
While my Darling Youth enjoy,
In Virtues Smiling Rays,
Take all the false delights of Courts
Each glitt'ring Beau & Belle,
Give me with harmless rural Sports,
My Roger of the Dale.

Toby Reduc'd Set by Mr Hodson

Lively

Dear Tom this brown Jug that now foams with mild Ale In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the

Vale was once Toby Fillpot a thirsty old Soul As ever drink a Bottle or

fathom'd a Bowl In Boozing about twas his praise to excell and among Jolly

Topers he bore of the Bell He bore of the Bell

It chanc'd in dog Days as he sat at his ease
In his Flow'r woven Arbour as gay as you please
With a friend & a Pipe puffing Sorrow away.
And with honest old Stingo was soaking his Clay
His breath Doors of Life on a sudden were shut
And he died full as fat as a Dorchester Butt

His Body when long in y Ground it had lain
And time into Clay had dissolv'd it again
A Potter found out in its Covert so snug
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown Jug
Now sacred to Friendship & Mirth & mild Ale
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale

Sylvia

Moderate

Sylvia wilt thou waste thy Prime

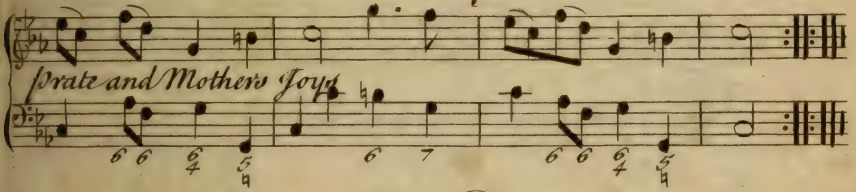
Stranger to the Joys of Love thou haste Youth & that's the

Time every Minute to improve Round thee wilt thou

ne'er hear Little wanton Girls & Boys sweetly

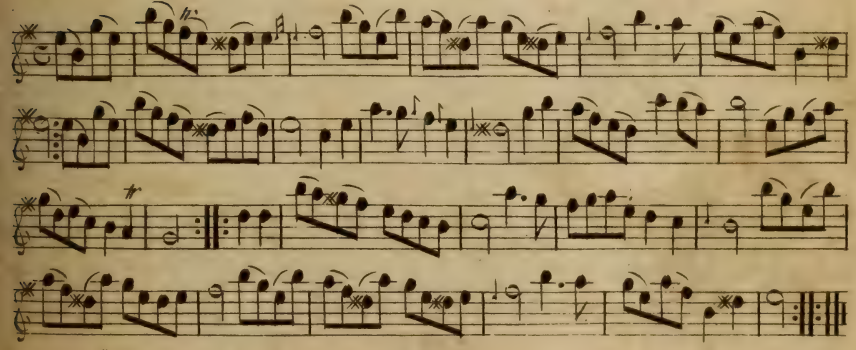
Sounding in thy Ear sweetly sounding in thy Ear Infant

Set to Musick by Mr Arne



Only view that little Dove
Softly cooing to its Mate
As a further proof of Love
See her for his kisses wait
Hark that charming Nightingale
As it flies from Spray to Spray
Sweetly tunes an Amrous Tale Sweetly &c
I love I love it strives to say

Could I to thy Soul reveal
But the least the Thousandth Part
Of those Pleasures Lovers feel
In a mutual change of Heart
Then repenting wouldst thou say
Virgins Fears from hence remove
All the Time is thrown away All the &c
That we cannot spend in Love



A Humerous Song

Moderately quick

Ye Brigs who are troubled in Consciences Qualms whoever are praying or

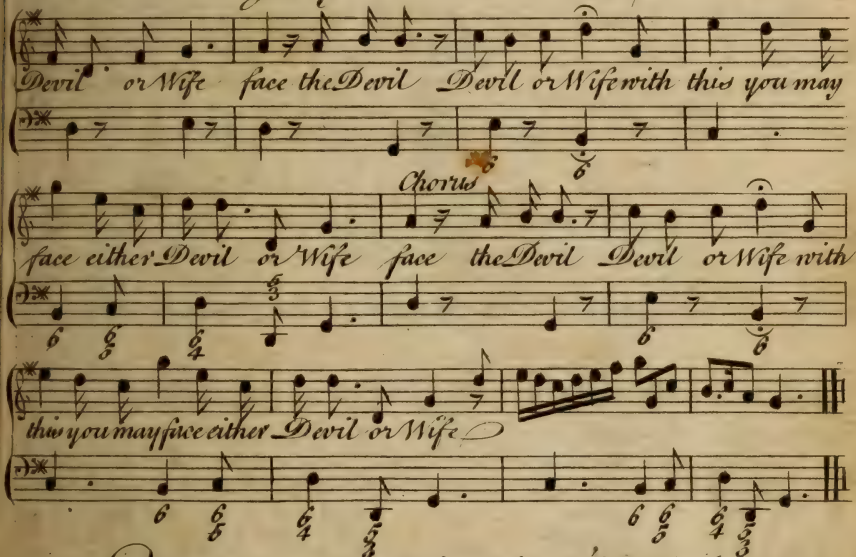
chanting of Psalms come listen awhile to I'll Sing you a Song shall open your Eyes

open your Eyes shall open thy Eyes to you'll see right from wrong

In Claret alone you should place all your hope there's more Absolution in

this than if Pope tis the famous Elixir Salutis of Life with this you may face either

Sung by Mr Beard


Devil or Wife face the Devil Devil or Wife with this you may
Chorus
face either Devil or Wife face the Devil Devil or Wife with
this you may face either Devil or Wife

Your Mars, & Apollo, in Spite of the Schools,
And Jupiter eke to our Bacchus are Fools,
When his blessed Spirit enlivens our Clods,
Each Mortals inspir'd with y Pow'r of the Gods,
Not Mars is so Valiant, when Watchmen provoke,
Not Phœbus so wise, when y Justice we smoke,
Nor Jove half so Rampant in all his Amours,
When we thunder away from our Claret to Whores.

My Morals are Sound – for they lye in my Glass,
My Religion and Faith are my Bottle & Lass,
My Church is the Tavern, a Nuntner & Briar,
And thus I go on till the Saint is deceas'd,
And when I no longer can revel & roar;
But must part with my Bottle, my friends & my Whore,
Embalm me in Claret, pay Rites at my Shrine,
Thus living I'm happy, when dead I'm divine.

A Favourite Song set by Mr Baildo

Brisk & lively

Tend ye Nymphs while I impart the secret wishes of my

Heart and tell what Swain if one there be whom fate designs for

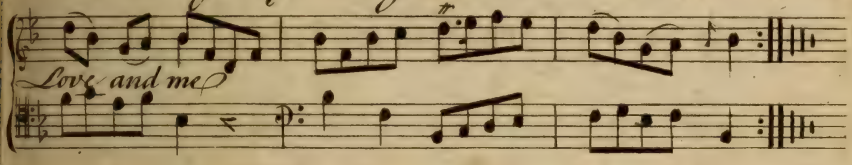
Love & me

Attend ye

Nymphs while I impart the secret wishes of my Heart and

tell what Swain if one there be whom fate designs for

Sung by Miss Stevenson.

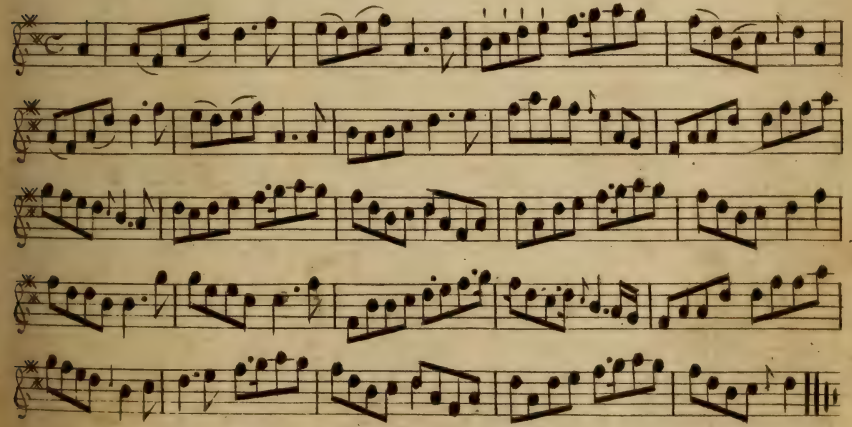


Let Reason o'er his thoughts preside
Let Honour all his Actions guide
Stedfast in Vertue let him be
The Swain designd for Love & me.

Where Sorrow prompts ye pensive sigh
Where Griefs bedew ye drooping Eye
Melting in Sympathy I see
The Swain designd for Love & me.

Let solid Sence inform his mind
With pure good nature sweetly joind
Sure Friend to modest merit be
The Swain designd for Love & me.

Let sordid avirice claim no part
Within his tender gen'rous Heart
Oh be that Heart from falshood free
Devoted all to Love & me.



April Fool

Lively

When April Day began to rise I saunterd o'er ỹ fragrant Mead to - lov'ly Sally

cast her Eye, where'er my Vagrant Foot-steps led where'er my Vagrant Foot-steps led

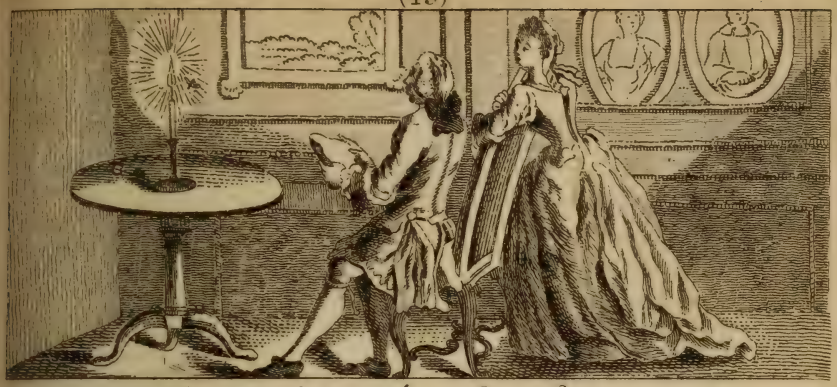
all full of mirth appear'd the

fair upon the Margin of a Pool she beckon'd but as I drew near she Laughing

call'd me April Fool April Fool April Fool she Laughing call'd me April Fool

I shook my poor untinking Head
That never dreamt on April Day
However to my Self I said
Young Maid ill soon this trick repay
She ask'd me why I stupid stood
Like some poor frighted Boy at school
Because ỹ Goddess of the Wood
Says I makes me an April Fool

Oh la! say'd she fine Words indeed
Enough to win a Maidens Heart
Come Collin sound thy Oaten Reed
And play a Love Tune ere we part
I drew my Pipe which pleas'd her well
Nor would I let her fondness Cool
I laid her down but must not tell
How she was made an April Fool



The Fly • A Simile

See See that Insect proud and vain around the Ta per

Buz in pain scorch'd by the Dazl ing Fire

Pleas'd with the Candles Glittering light too near approaching

kills him quite and in the flame expire

Attracted thus, by Beautys Charms,
Each Youthful Heart is in alarms,
And hovers round the Fair;
Till by the Lightnings from her Eyes,
The hapless Swains like silly flies,
Are kill'd and disappear.

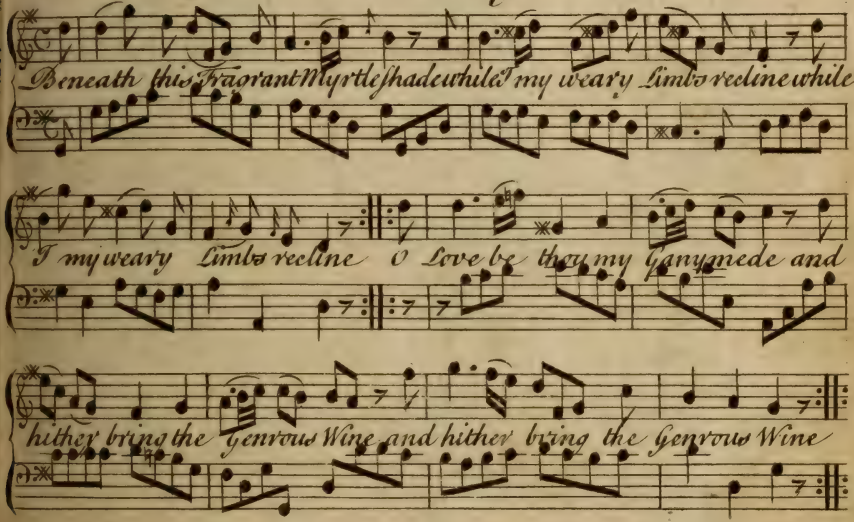
John & Nell

As Nell sate under neath her Cow near to a Cock of
Hay Brisk John was coming from his Ploughts hand to pass that way Like
Lightning to the Maid he flew and by the Hand he squeez'd her pray John she
cry'd be quiet Do and found because he teiz'd her

Young Cupid from his Mothers knee
Observ'd her female Pride
Go on & Prosper John (says he)
And I will be your Guide
Then aim'd at Nelly's Breast a dart
From pride it soon releas'd her
She faintly cry'd I feel Love's smart
And sigh'd because it eas'd her

John laid himself down by her side
And stole a Kiss or two
And Flatt'ry & Charm he also try'd
Till she the kinder grew
The Poison soon began to spread
And in the Nick he seiz'd her
She trembled blush'd & hung her Head
Then smil'd because he pleas'd her

A New Song


Beneath this fragrant Myrtle shade while my weary Limbs recline while
I my weary Limbs recline O Love be thou my Ganymede and
hither bring the Generous Wine and hither bring the Generous Wine

How Swift the wheel of Life revolves
How soon lifes little race is o'er
But Oh when Death this frame dissolves
Mirth Joy and Frolick is no more

Why then ah! Fool profusely vain
With Incence shall thy Pavements shine
Why dost thou pour O wretch profane
On senceless Earth the Nectar'd Wine

To me thy breathing Odours bring
On me the mantling Bowls bestow
Go Cloe rob the Roseate Spring
For Wreaths to grace my honour'd Brow

Yes e'er the airy dance I Join
Of fleeting Shadows light and vain
I'll wisely drown in floods of Wine
Each busy Care and Idle pain

A Favourite Song

Tenderly

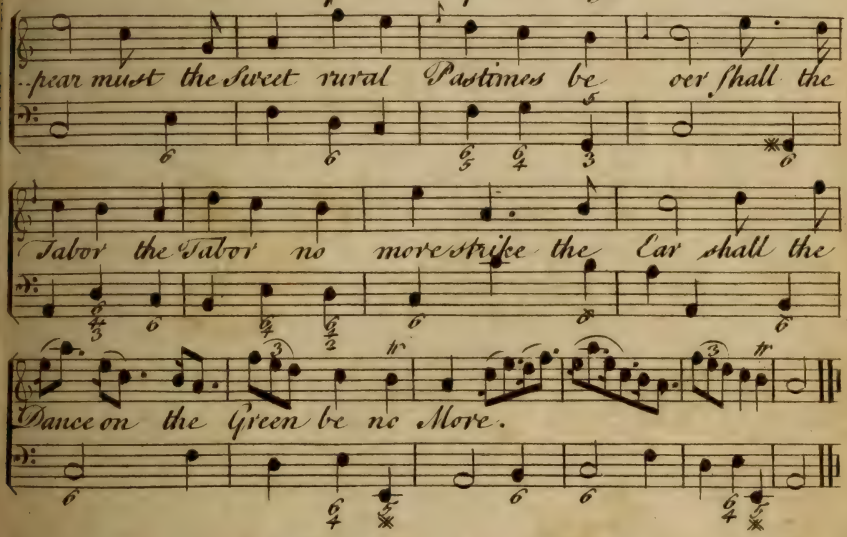
My fond Shepherds of late were so

blest their fair Nymphs were so happy and gay that each

Night they went Safely to Rest and they Merrily

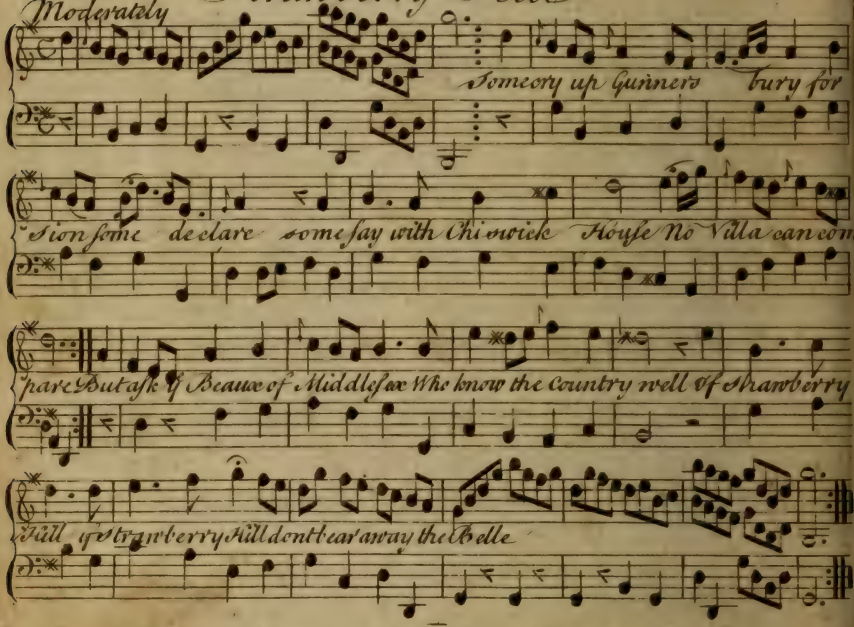
Sung through the Day But ah! what a Scene must Ap.

in the Opera of Eliza.


pear must the Sweet rural Pastimes be over shall the
Tabor the Tabor no more strike the Ear shall the
Dance on the Green be no More.

Will the Flocks from their Pastures be led
Must ỹ Herds go wild straying abroad
Shall the Looms be as stopt in each Shed
And ỹ Ships be all moord in each Road
Must the Arts be all scatterd around
And shall Commerce grow sick of her Tide
Must Religion expire on the Ground
And shall Virtue sink down by her side

Strawberry Hill


Moderately
Some cry up Gunners bury for
Sion some declare some say with Chiswick House No Villa can com
pare But ask ye Beaux of Middlesex Who know the Country well Of Strawberry
Hill go to Strawberry Hill dont bear away the Belle

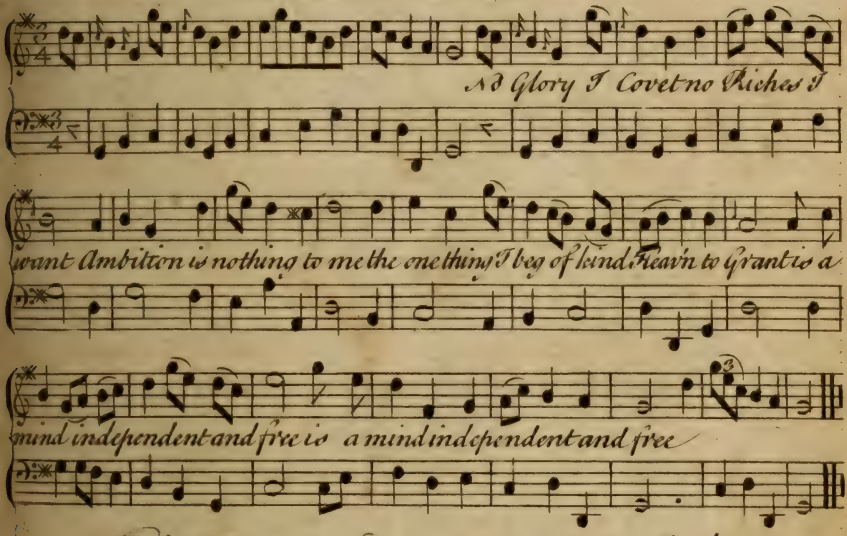
Some love to roll down Greenwich Hill
For this thing and for that
And some prefer sweet Marble Hill
Tho sure 'tis somewhat Flat
Yet Marble Hill & Greenwich Hill
If K-ty C-e can tell
From Strawberry Hill from Ze
Cant bear away the Belle

Tho Surry boasts its Oak lands
And Claremont kept so Jim
And some prefer sweet Southcoote
'Tis but a Dainty Whim
But ask the Gallant Bristol
Who doth in Taste excell
If Strawberry Hill If Ze
Dont bear away the Belle

Since Denham sung of Coopers
There's scarce a Hill around
But what in Song or Ditty
Is turn'd to Fairy Ground
Ah peace be with their Memory
I wish them wondrous well
But Strawberry Hill But Ze
Will bear away the Belle

Great William dwells at Windsor
As Edward did of Old
And many a Gaul & many a Scot
Have found him full as bold
On lofty Hills like Windsor
Such Hero's ought to dwell
Yet ye little folks on Strawberry Hill
Like Strawberry Hill as well

Contentment


No Glory I Covet no Riches I
want Ambition is nothing to me the one thing I beg of kind Heavn to Grant is a
mind independent and free is a mind independent and free

With Passion unruffled untainted with Pride
By Reason my Life let me Square
The wants of my Nature are cheaply supply'd
And the rest is but folly and Care

The Blessings which Providence freely has lent
I'll Justly and gratefully prize
Whilst sweet Meditation & chearfull content
Shall make me both healthy and wise

In the Pleasures the great Mans possessions display
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part
For ev'ry fair object my Eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my Heart

How vainly through infinite trouble and care
The many their Labours employ
Since all that is truly delightfull in life
To what all if they will may enjoy

The Generous Confidence

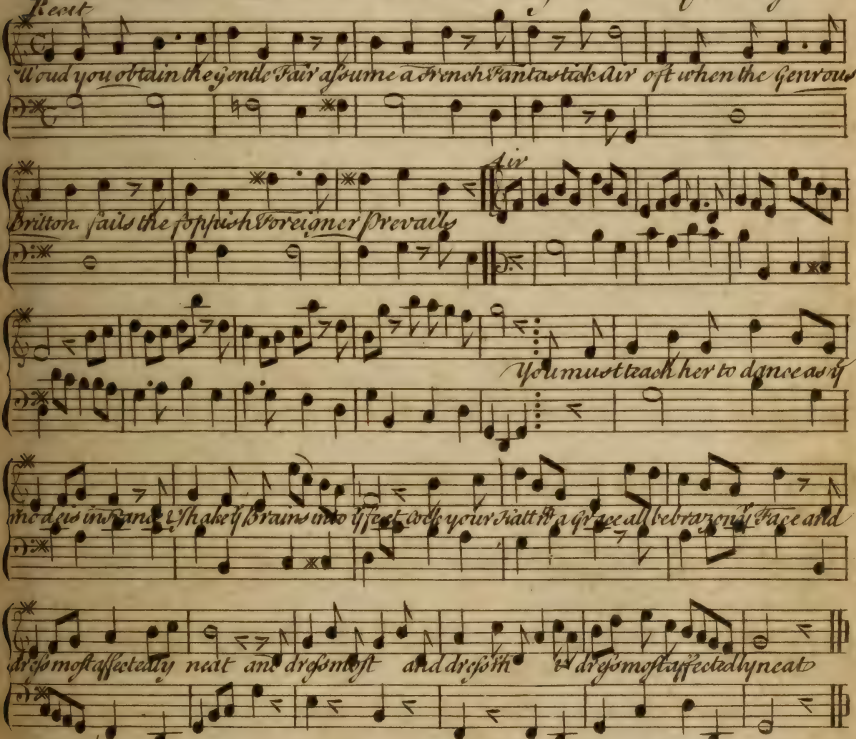
Lively

Ah Strephon what can mean the Joy the eager Joy I Prove
the ea ger Joy I Prove When you each tender Art employ to
win my Soul to Love When you each tender Art employ to win my Soul to
Love to win to win my Soul to Love

So well your Passion you reveal,
So top the Lover's part,
That I with Blushes own I feel
A Rebel in my Heart.

Then take it Heart that pines to go
But see it kindly us'd;
For who such Presents will bestow
If this should be abus'd.

A Favourite Song Set by Mr Oswald


Recit
Would you obtain the gentle Fair assume a French Fantastick Air oft when the Genrous
Air
Briton fails the foppish Foreigner prevails
You must teach her to dance as if
and dress in haste & Shake y Brains into y Feet with your Hatt in a Grace all betrays ones Face and
dress most affectedly neat and dress most and dress most affectedly neat

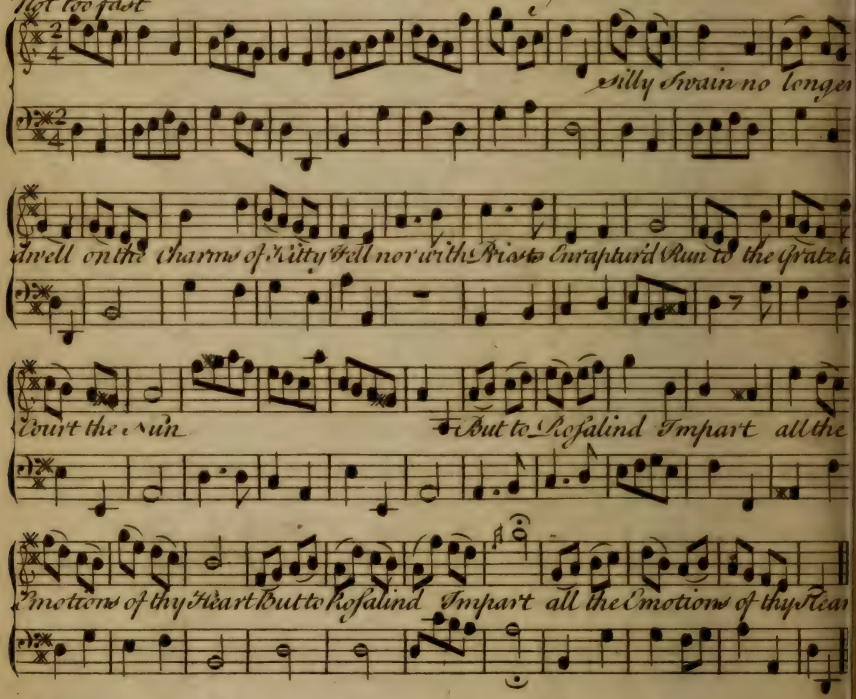
Then bow down like a Beau
Hop and turn out your Toe
Lead Miss by y Hand & Clear a the
Draw your Glove with an Air
At your white Stockings stare
And Simper & Ogle and Flatter

Walk y Figure of Eight
With your Rump stiff & Straight
Then turn her with delicate Ease
Bow again very low
Your good Breeding to show
And Missy you'll perfectly please

If these Steps you Pursue
You will soon bring her too
And rifle the Child of her Charms
Her poor Heart will heave high
And she'll languish and Sigh
And Caper quite into your Arms

A New Song

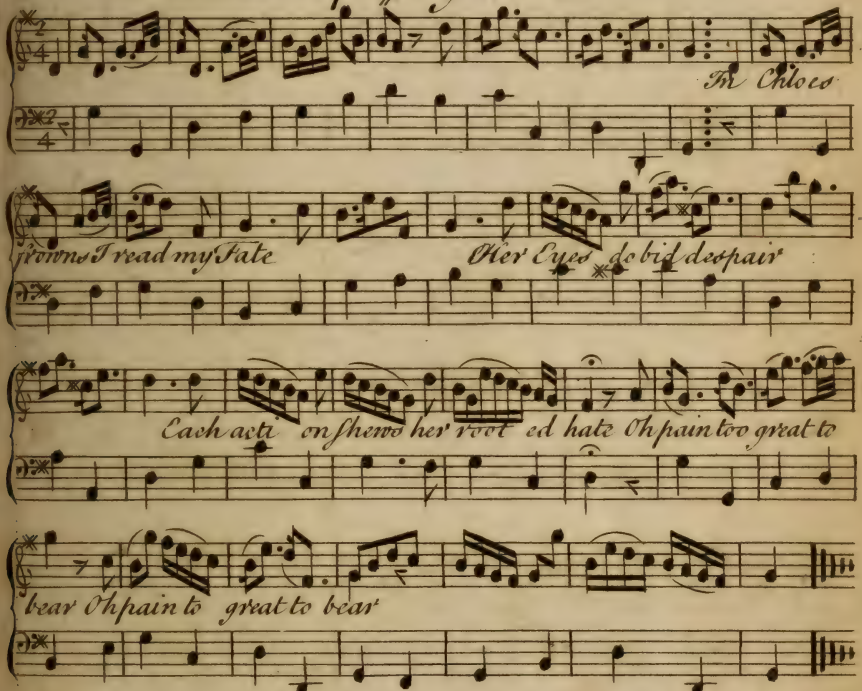
Not too fast


Silly Swain no longer
dwell on the Charms of Kitty Fell nor with Rists enraptur'd Run to the Grate
Court the Sun
But to Rosalind Impart all the
Emotions of thy Heart But to Rosalind Impart all the Emotions of thy Hear

Tell her alls that's good and Fair,
In her Person centr'd are,
Tell her too however inclin'd,
To be good is to be kind,
While She deigns to hear the Tale,
Truth and Virtue may prevail.

But Oh if some happier Swain,
All her fond Attention gain,
Seated in the Silent Bow'r,
At the melting Midnight Hour,
She may listen while shee's won
Shee's too fair to dye a Nun.

The Despairing Lover


In Chloes
frowns I read my Fate
Her Eyes do bid despair
Each act on shews her root ed hate Oh pain too great to
bear Oh pain to great to bear

When I in tears fall at her feet,
She'll not one look afford,
Nor all the torments I repeat,
Can gain one tender word.

Since Cloe's love alas I know
It is in vain to crave,
Her pity may one word bestow
And dying Damon save.

Ye lovers happy with the Fair,
Oh teach me all your art;
That I to Joy may change my care,
And gain my Cloes Heart.

Sung by Miss Isabella Young

Pia For

Pia For

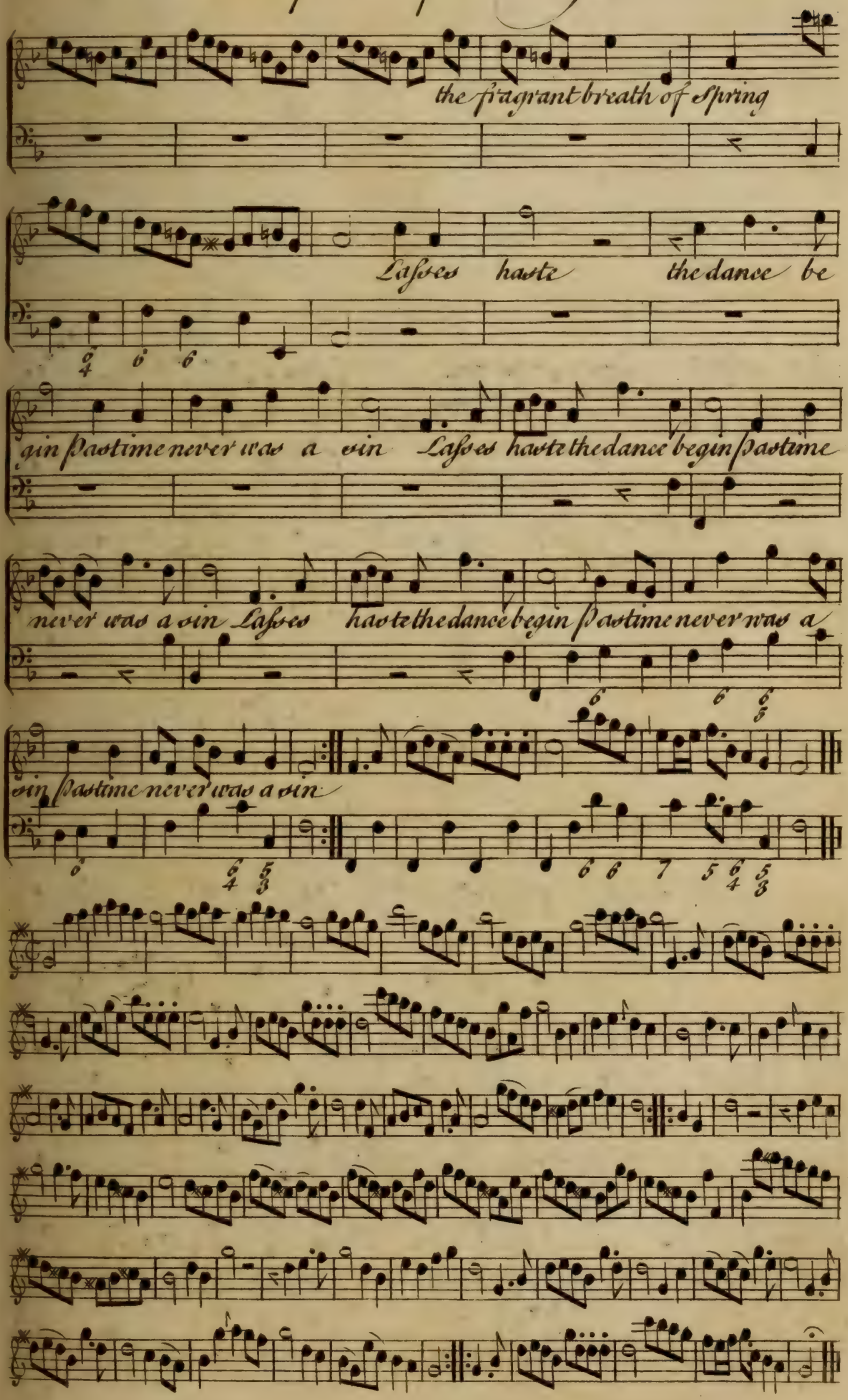
Where chaste Dian keeps her Court Haunts and the Wood Nymphs sport

there the merry merry Roundelay tells the Shepherds Holly day there the

merry merry Roundelay tells the Shepherds Holly day Shepherds Come

your Lasses bring hail the fragrant breath of Spring hail

in the Opera of Eliza


the fragrant breath of Spring
Lasses haste the dance be
gin Pastime never was a sin Lasses haste the dance begin Pastime
never was a sin Lasses haste the dance begin Pastime never was a
sin Pastime never was a sin

The Maidens Resolution

As Cloe sat sheltered and breathd the Cool

Air while Musick awakenid the Grove young Damon approachd & ad

dressd the Coy Fair in all the soft Language of Love But

she was so Cruel his suit she deny'd and laughd as he

told her his Pain and while the poor Shepherd sat wooing she

Set by Mr. Defesch

cry'd I will dye a Maid I will dye a Maid my dear

Swain

Oh what says the Youth must thy Beauty so gay,
Perplex us at once and invite,
Embrace ev'ry Rapture lest Time make a Prey,
Of that which was meant for delight,
When Age has crept round and thy Charms wrinkled o'er,
Then all will my Chloe disdain;
But still all her Answer was teaze me no more,
I will dye a Maid my dear Swain.

Young Damon protested no other hed prize,
His Flame was so strong and sincere,
Then watchd the Emotions that play'd in her Eyes;
And banish'd his Torture and Fear,
My Joys shall be secret enraptur'd he cry'd
Oh Chloe be gentle and good,
The Fair one grew softer and sighing reply'd,
I'd fain dye a Maid if I could.

A New Song set by Mr Oswald

Moderate

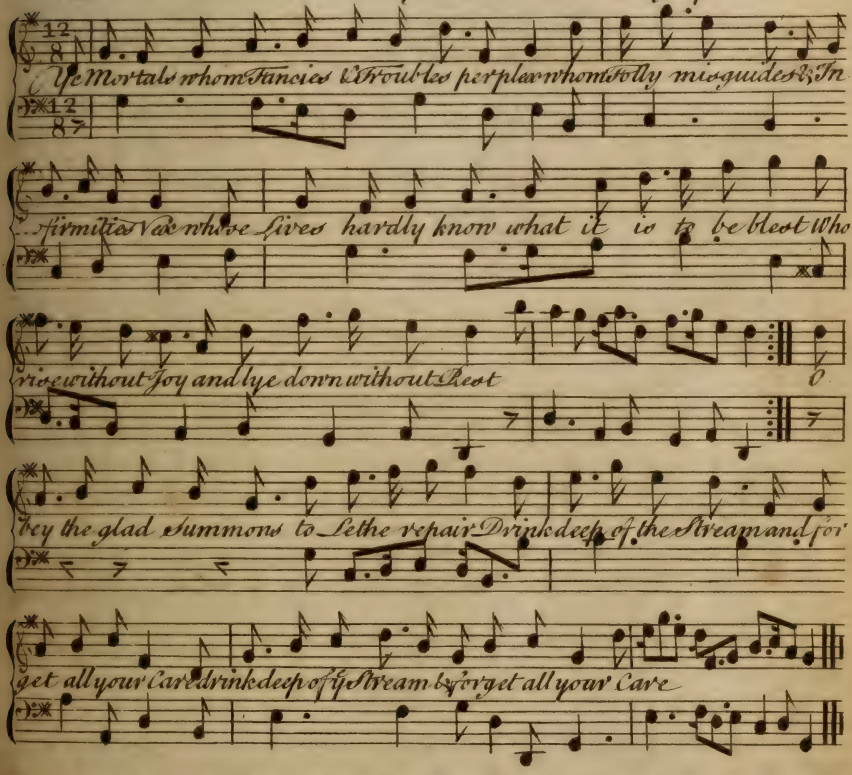
Every Nymph & Shepherd bring
Tributes to the Queen of May kisle for her brows & Spring make her as the Season Gay
Teach her then from every Flow'r how to use & fleeting Hour
Teach her then from every Flow'r how to use the fleeting hour

Now the fair Narcissus blows,
With his sweetness now delights
By his side the Maiden Rose,
With her artless blush invites,
Such how fragrant and so Gay,
Is the blooming Queen of May.

Soon the fair Narcissus dies,
Soon he droops his languid Head
From the Rose her purple flies
None inviting to her Bed;
Such tho' Now so sweet and Gay,
Soon shall be the Queen of May.

Tho' thou art a Rural Queen,
By the Suffrage of the Swains;
Beauty like the Vernal Green
In thy Shrine not long Remains
Bless then quickly bless the Youth,
Who deserves thy Love & Truth.

A Favourite Song in Lethe Sung by Mr Beard


Ye Mortals whom Fancies & Troubles perplex whom folly misguides & Infirmities Vex whose Lives hardly know what it is to be blest Who rise without Joy and lye down without Rest O
Obey the glad Summons to Lethe repair Drink deep of the Stream and forget all your Care drink deep of ye Stream to forget all your Care

Old Maids shall forget what they wish'd for in vain,
And Young Ones the Lover they cannot regain,
The Rake shall forget how last Night he was cloy'd,
And Love again be with Passion enjoy'd,
Obey then the Summons to Lethe repair,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

The Wife at one Draught may forget all her Wants,
Or drench her fond Fool to forget her Gallants,
The troubled in Mind shall go chearful away,
And Yesterday's Wretch be quite happy to Day,
Obey then the Summons to Lethe repair,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

James Roberts fecit

Cymon and Iphigenia

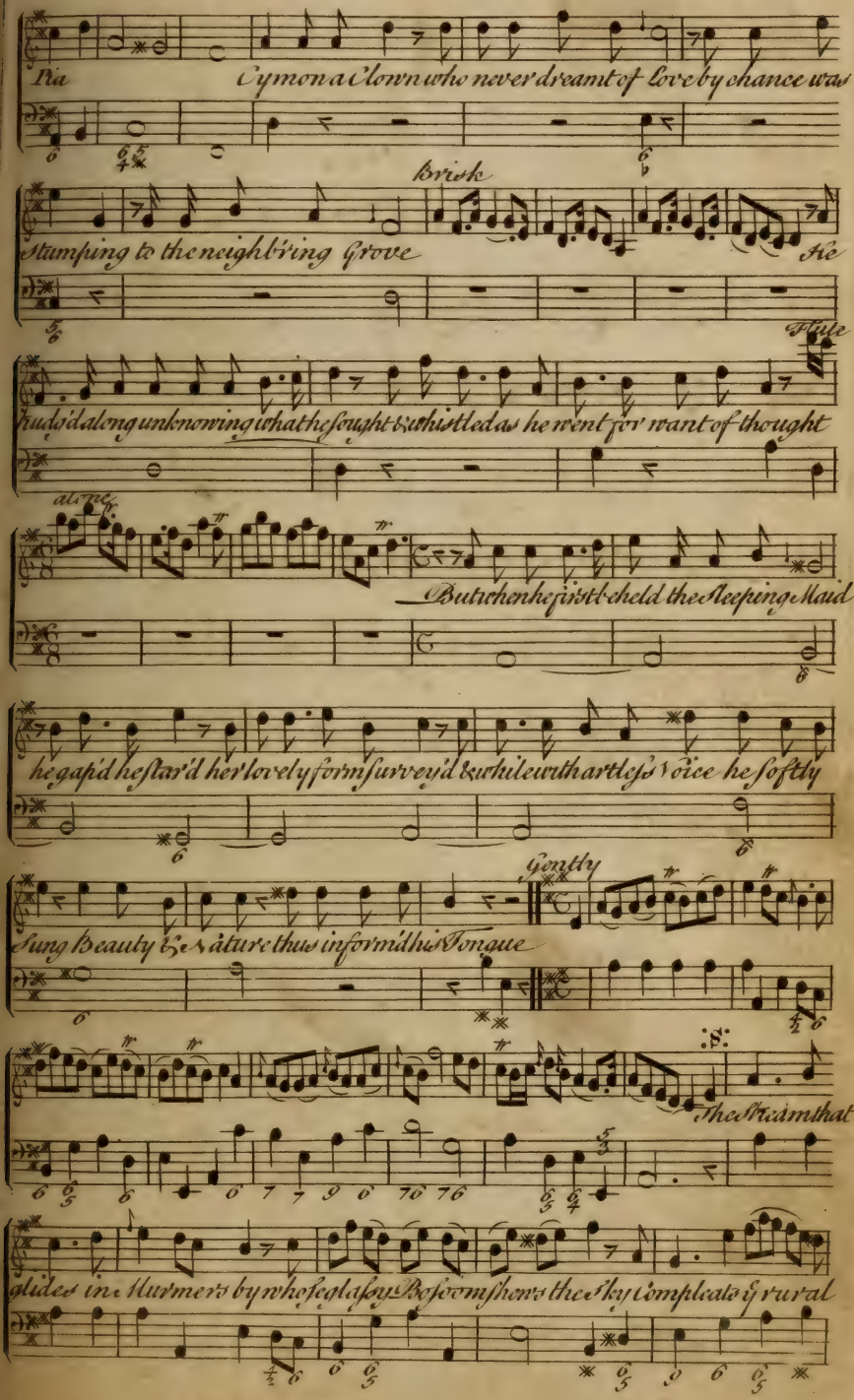
Near a thick Grove whose deep embow'ring Shade seem'd most for Love and

Contemplation made A Chrystal Stream th' gentle Murmur flows,

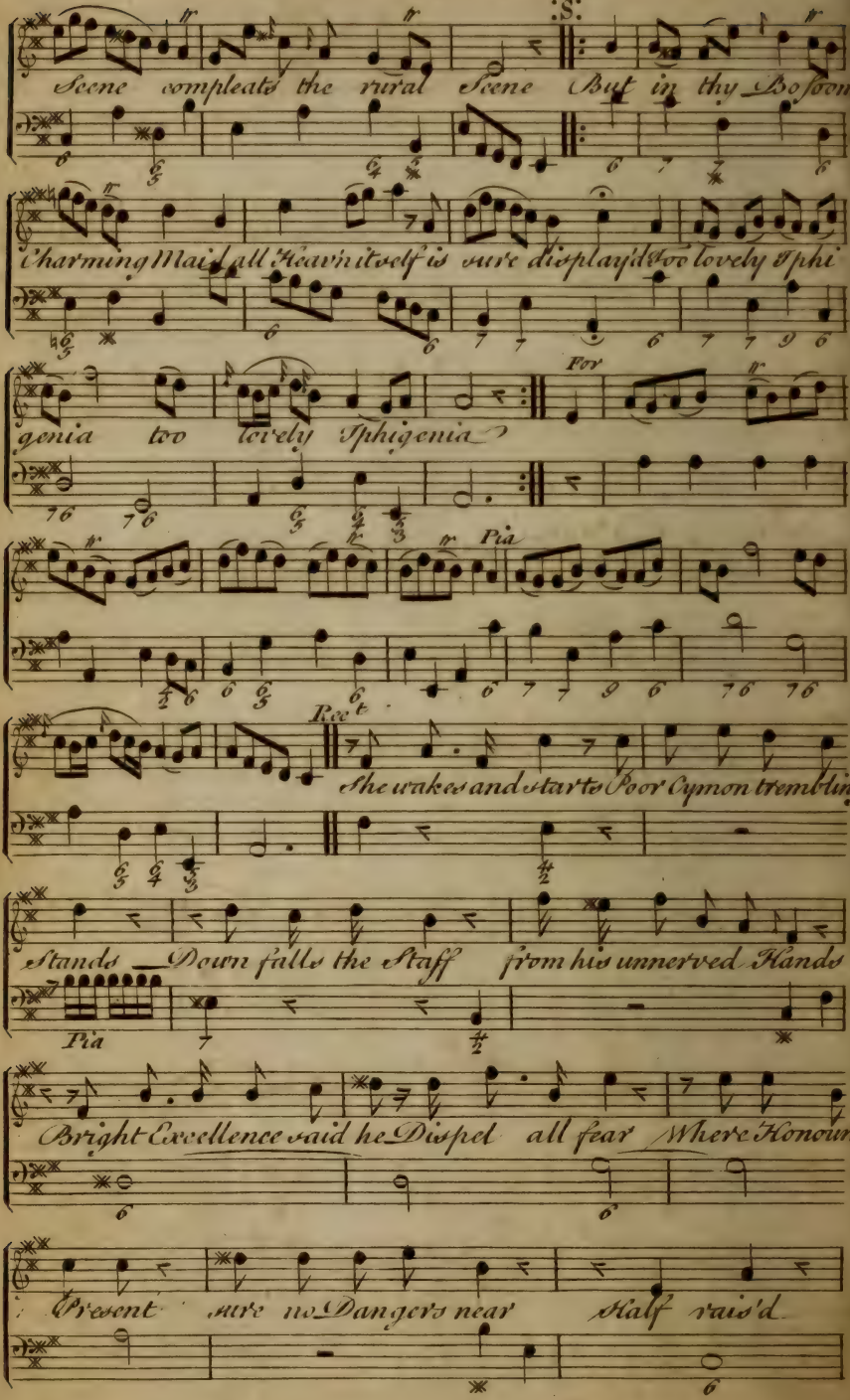
whose flow'ry Banks are form'd for soft Repose Thither re

tir'd from Phœbus sultry Ray and Sull'd in Sleep Fair Iphigenia lay

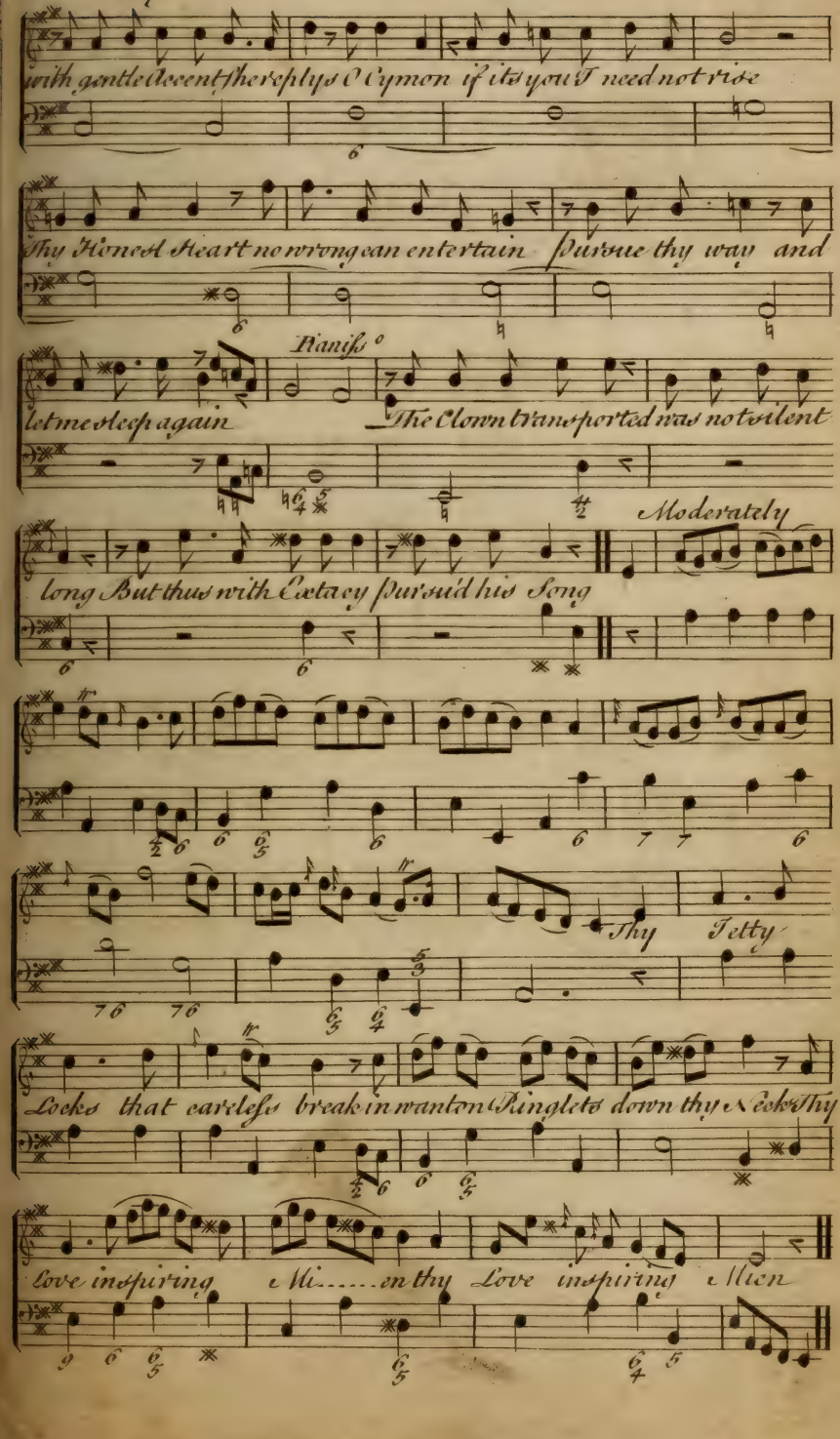
A Favourite Cantata


Pia
Cymon a Clown who never dreamt of Love by chance was
brisk
stumping to the neighb'ring Grove
He
Flute
trudg'd along unknowing what he sought whistled as he went for want of thought
alone
But when he first beheld the sleeping Maid
he gap'd he star'd her lovely form survey'd while with artless voice he softly
Gently
sung Beauty & Nature thus inform'd his Tongue
The Stream that
glides in Murmers by whose glassy Bosom shews the Sky Compleats the rural

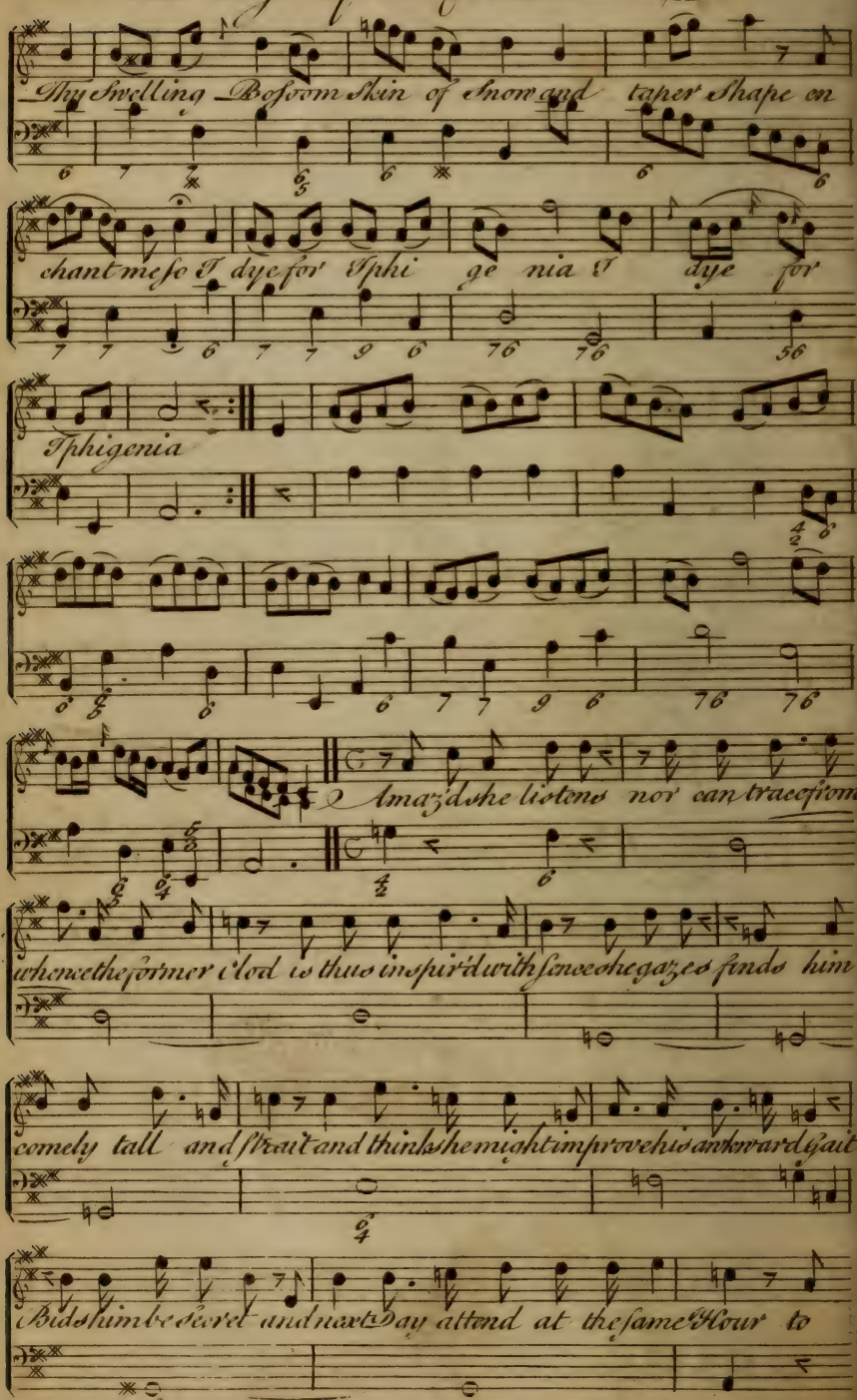
Set to Musick


Scene compleats the rural Scene But in thy Bosom
Charming Maid all Heavn itself is sure displayd Too lovely Iphi
genia too lovely Iphigenia
For
Pia
Rec.t
She wakes and starts Poor Cymon trembling
Stands Down falls the Staff from his unnerved Hands
Pia
Bright Excellence said he Dispel all fear Where Honour's
Present sure no Dangers near Half vais'd

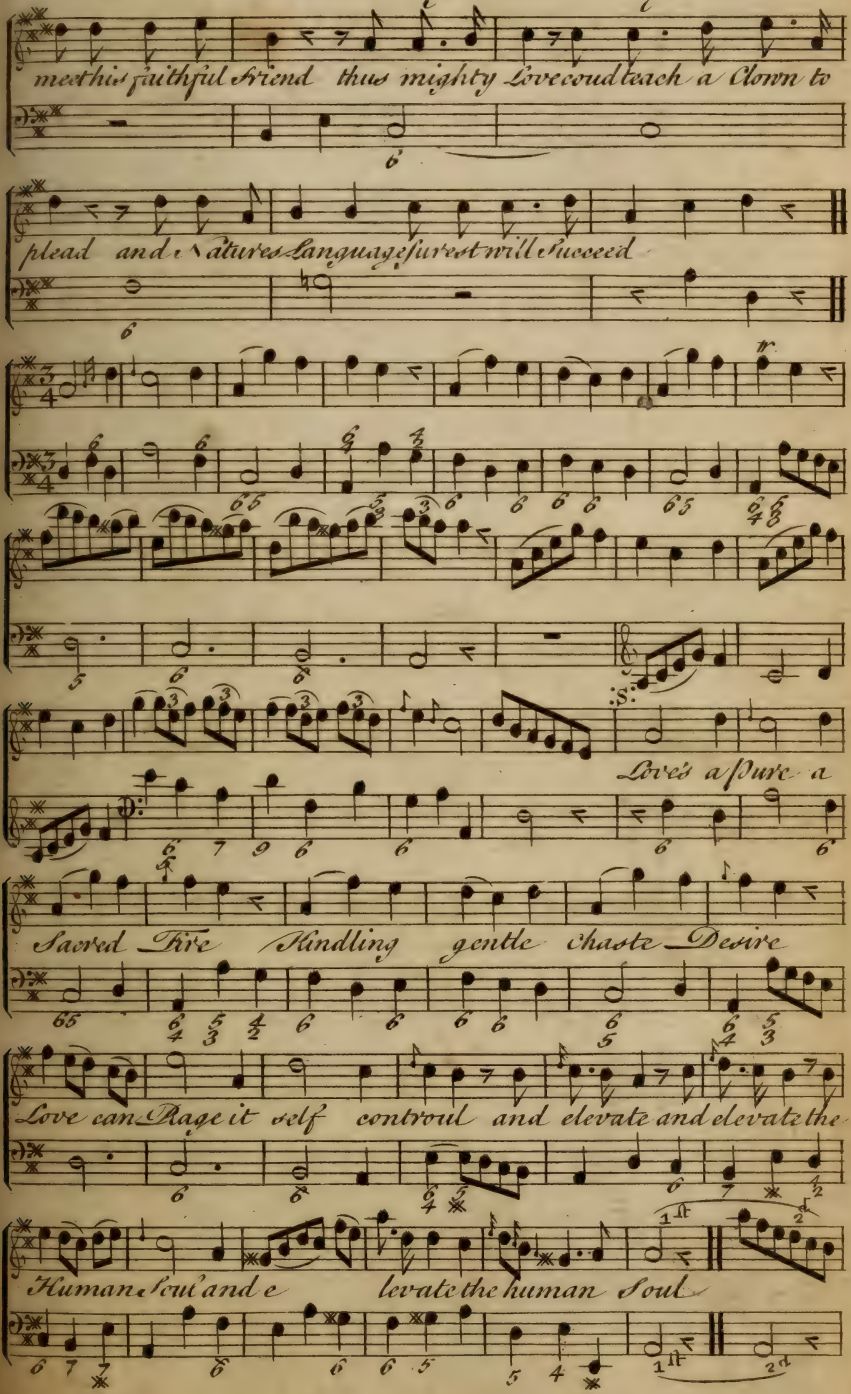
by Mr Arne Sent


with gentle Accent thereplys O Cymon if it's you I need not rise
Thy Honest Heart no wrong can entertain Pursue thy way and
Piano
let me sleep again The Clown transported was not silent
Moderately
long But thus with Extacy pursuid his Song
Thy Tetty
Locks that careless break in wanton Ringlets down thy Neck Thy
Love inspiring Mien thy Love inspiring Mien

Sung by Mr. Beard


Thy Swelling Bosom Skin of Snow and taper Shape en
chant me so I dye for Iphi ge nia I dye for
Iphigenia
Amaz'd she listens nor can trace from
whence the former God is thus inspir'd with Sence she gazes finds him
comely tall and Strait and thinks she might improve his awkward Gait
Bids him be secret and next Day attend at the same Hour to

at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane


meet his faithful Friend thus mighty Love could teach a Clown to
plead and Natures Language surest will succeed
Love's a pure a
Sacred Fire Kindling gentle chaste Desire
Love can Rage it self controul and elevate and elevate the
Human Soul and e levate the human Soul

and at Ranelagh Gardens

for.

Deprivd of

that our wretched State had made our Lives of too long Date

But blest with Beauty and with Love blest with

pia.

Beauty and with Love we taste what Angels do a...bove what

An.....gels do above for.

pia

A New Song Set by Mr Baildon

Tenderly As

Cloe ply'd her Needles Art A purple drop the Spear made from her heedless finger Start and

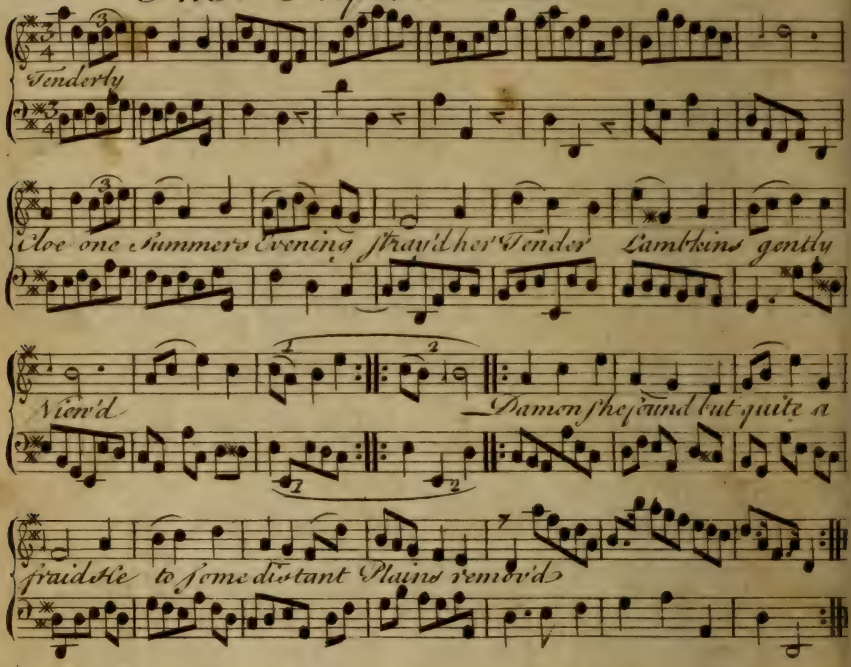
from her Eyes a Tear As, Cloe ply'd her Needless Art A purple drop the

Spear made from her heedless finger Start and from her Eyes a Tear and from her Eyes a Tear

Ah might but Cloe by her Smart, Be taught for mine to feel, Mine caus'd by Cupids piercing Dart More sharp to me than Steel.

Then if her Needle would adore, Loves Arrow it should be, Indu'd with such a subtle Pow'r, To reach her Heart for me.

The Injur'd Pair


Tenderly
Cloe one Summers Evening strayd her Tender Lambkins gently
View'd
Damon she found but quite a
fraid she to some distant Plains remov'd

The Swain who at a distance flew,
She sought alass, but all in vain
The fickle Youth too well he knew
The Injur'd Cloes dreadfull Pain.

Under a Shady Willow Green
On his Pipe he Tun'd his Fate
Celia's Name was all his Theme,
But she Lov'd Strephon of the Dale.

The Wood Lark

Tenderly

The Wood Lark whistles through the Grove tuneing the

sweetest Notes of Love to please his female on the Spray to

please his female to please

his Female on the Spray

A Favourite Song

Parch'd by his Side her tit tle Breast swells with a Lovers Joy confest to

hear and to reward the Lay to hear & to reward to

hear & to reward the Lay :S: Come then my

fair one let us prove from their Example how to love

Come then my fair one let us prove let us prove from their Example how to

love From their Example how to love for thee the early pipe I'll breathe for

in the Opera of Eliza

thee the early pipe I'll brea....the for thee the ear....ly

pipe I'll breathe And when my flock return to fold their

Shepherd to thy Bosom hold And when my Flock return to

Fold their Shepherd to thy Bosom hold & crown him with the nuptial Wreath &

when my flock return to fold their Shepherd to thy Bosom hold & crown

him with the nuptial Wreath

Set to Musick by Mr Baildon

:S:

Hark the Birds begin their Lay

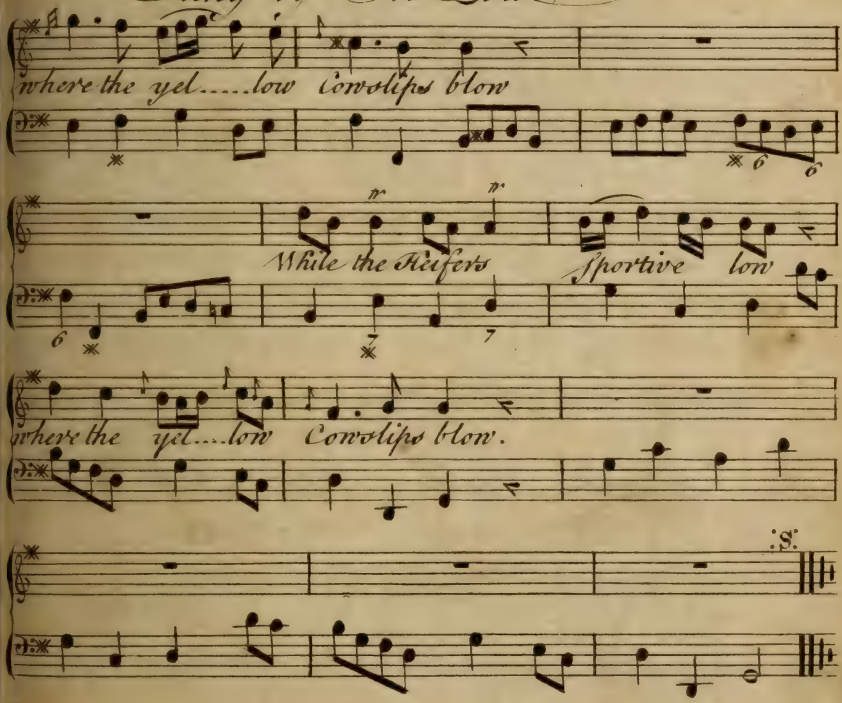
Flow'rs to deck the Robe of May

See! the Little Lambkins bound Playfull o'er the

Clover Ground

While the Heifers Sportive low

Sung by Mr Lowe



Now the Nymphs & Swains advance
O'er the Lawn, in festive Dance:
Garlands from the Hawthorn Bough
Grace the happy Shepherds Brow.
While the Lasses, in array,
Wait upon the Queen of May.

Innocence, Content, and Love,
Fill the Meadows, and the Grove,
Mirth, that never wears a Frown,
Health with Sweetness all her own,
Labour puts on Pleasures Smile,
And pale Care forgets his Toyl.

Ah! what Pleasures Shepherds know:
Monarchs cannot such bestow,
Love improves each happy Hour;
Grandeur has not such in Store,
Learn Ambition learn from hence,
Happiness is Innocence.

A Favourite Air

Moderately

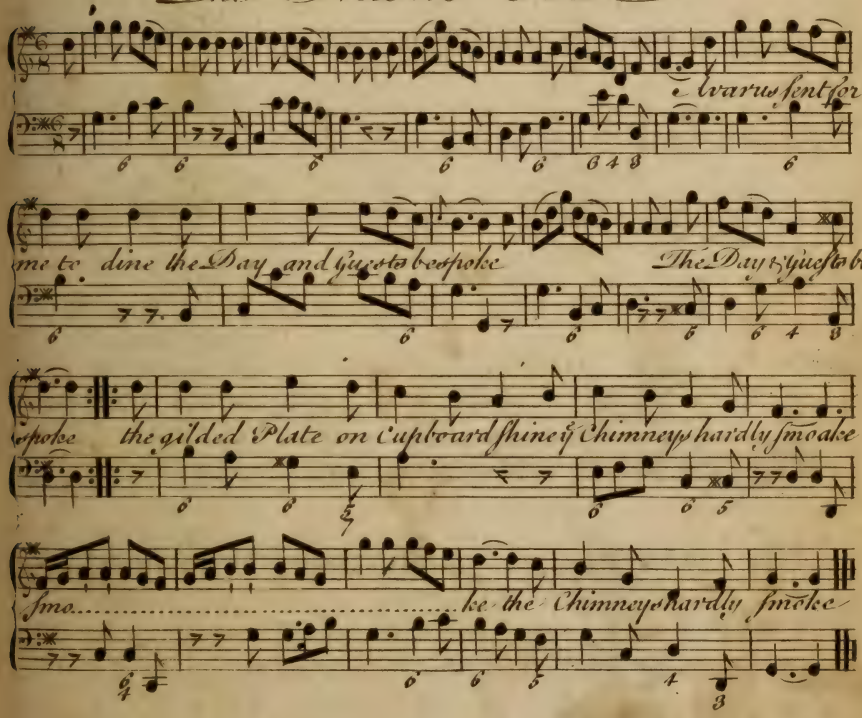
O how blissfull tis to languish When soft Wishes warm the Breast

Sighs in part disclose our Anguish

and our Blushes speak the rest And our Blushes speak the rest

Gay Desires which fondly please us,
Rove by Night our loveliest Themes;
But when Midnight Slumbers seize us,
O the Charming, Charming Dreams.

The Misers Feast


Avarus sent for
me to dine the Day and Guests bespoke
The Days Guests be
spoke the gilded Plate on Cupboard shine & Chimneys hardly smoake
Smo ke the Chimneys hardly smoke

The various Dishes I behold
Pollo and Olio Sweet
But Teeth so Chatter with the Cold
I know not how to eat.

Avarus it is my Desire
And with me Join the rest
In Winter youd Improve your Fire
Or not till Summer feast.

A Loyal Song

Gently

Say Lovely Peace that grac'd our Isle why you with

Say Lovely Peace that grac'd our Isle why you with

draw the Indulgent Smile why you with draw the Indulgent

draw the Indulgent Smile why you with draw the Indulgent

Smile To it you fly the Sons of Fame That

Smile To it you fly the Sons of Fame That

they the Pride of France may tame That they the Pride of

they the Pride of France may tame that they the Pride of

Chs Brisk

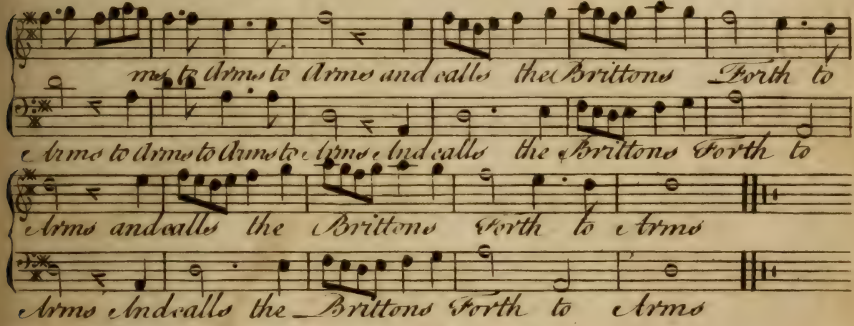
France may tame For Mars is Rous'd is Rous'd by Mars a

France may tame For Mars is Rous'd by Mars a

larms and calls the Brittons Forth to Arms to Arms to Ar

larms and calls the Brittons the Brittons forth to Arms to Arms to Arms to

For two Voices


ms to Arms to Arms and calls the Brittons Forth to
Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms And calls the Brittons Forth to
Arms and calls the Brittons Forth to Arms
Arms And calls the Brittons Forth to Arms

Our Chiefs renownd upon the Main,
Once more in Arms shine forth again,
Whose Steady Courage dares Oppose
And Stem the Powr of Gallick Foes. For Mars &c

What State but does its fate deplore,
Where ere the British Thunders roar,
All all must in Subjection bow,
And to Brittannia Sons 'tis due. For Mars &c

As Rome of Old her Terrors Hurld,
And provd the Mistress of the World,
The Globe it self must subject be,
To Albions Sons who Rule the Sea. For Mars &c

Arise arise to Wars great call,
Prepare to meet the Audacious Gaul
And in return for all your toils,
Return with Victory and Spoils. For Mars &c

The Spinning Wheel

Moderately Brisk

Young Collin fresh

ing near the Mill saw Sally un derneath the Hill Whose heart loves

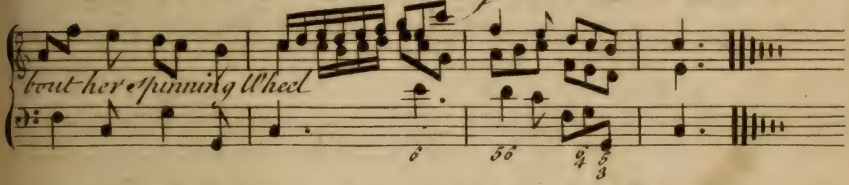
tender pow'r could feel whose heart love's tender pow'r could feel

The Mill was stopt no Miller there she smild to see the Youth appear she smild to

see the Youth appear but turn'd about her Spinning Wheel but turn'd a

Slow

Set to Musick by Mr Baildon

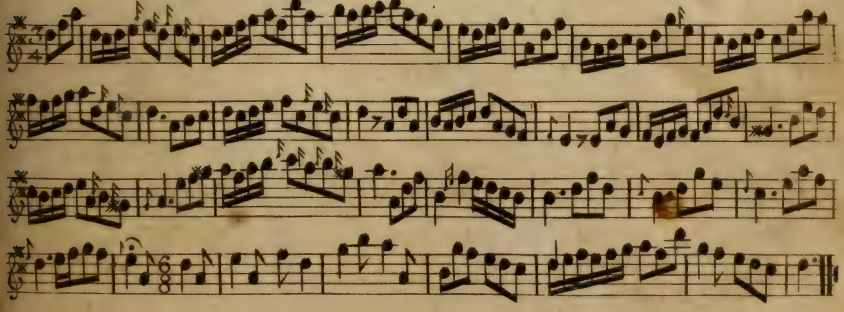


Thy Cheeks, says he, like Peaches bloom,
Thy Breath is like the Spring's Perfume;
On thy sweet Lips my Love I'll Seal,
Your stately Swans, so white and sleek,
Are like to Sally's Breast and Neck,
But still she mind her Spinning Wheel.

The fair one, Beauty's transient Pow'r,
Fades like the new blown gaudy Flow'r,
Yet ev'ry where Virtue loves to dwell;
For where sweet Modesty appears,
We never see the vale of Years,
She smil'd and stopp'd her Spinning Wheel.

The Pomp of State, the pride of Wealth,
Says she I scorn, for Peace and Health,
Where honest Labour earns her Meal;
Who tells the Flatterers common tale,
Can never, e'er my Heart prevail,
And make me leave my Spinning Wheel.

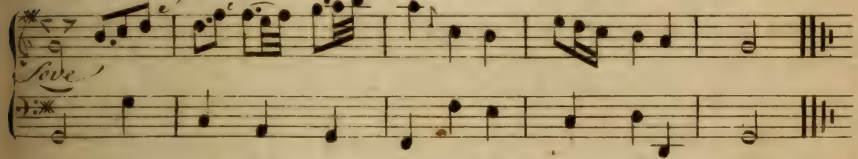
The Swain, who loves the Virtuous Mind,
Alone can make young Sally kind,
For him I'll toil, I'll Spin and reel,
It is the Voice says he of Love,
Come hasten to yon Church above,
She blush'd, and left her Spinning Wheel.



Damon and Flavella *Set by Mr Weidemann*

When first by fond Damon Flavella was
seen He lightly regarded her Air and her Mien the
Charms of her Mind he alone did commend not warm'd as a
Lover but cool as a Friend from Friendship not Passion his
Raptures did move Ev'n the Strain brag'd his Heart was a Stranger to

Sung by Mr Lowe at Vaux Hall



New Charms he discover'd as more she was known
Her Face grew a Wonder her Taste was his own
Her Manners were gentle her Sence was refind
And oh what dear Virtues beam'd forth in her Mind
Yet still for the Sanction of Friendship he strove
Till a Sigh gave the Omen & shew'd it was Love.

Now Proud to be conquer'd he sighs for the Fair
Grows dull to all Pleasure but being with her
Hes mute while his Heart Strings are ready to break
For fear of Offending forbids him to speak
And wanders a willing Example to prove
That Friendship with Woman is Sister to Love.

A Lover thus Conquer'd can never give Offence
Not a Dupe to her Smiles but a Slave to her Sence
His Passion nor Wrinkles nor Eye can allay
Since founded on that which can never decay
And Time that will Beautys short Empire remove
Increasing her Reason Increases his Love.

Peggy

Set by Mr Arne

Moderately

The Peggy's charms have oft been sung, the darling theme of ev'ry

Tongue New praises still remain, new praises still remain such heav'nly beauty can in-

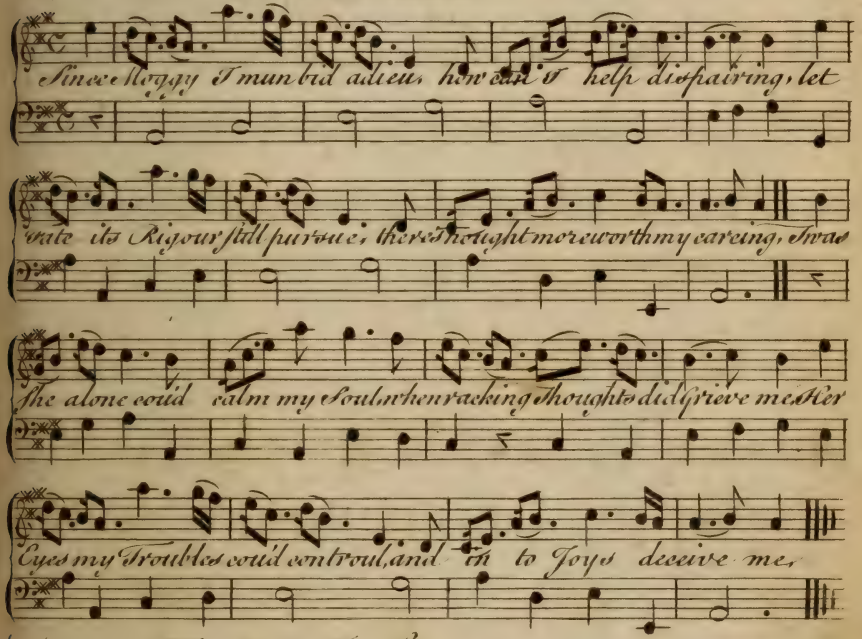
-spire new flights new fancies like a muse and brighten ev'ry strain and brighten ev'ry strain

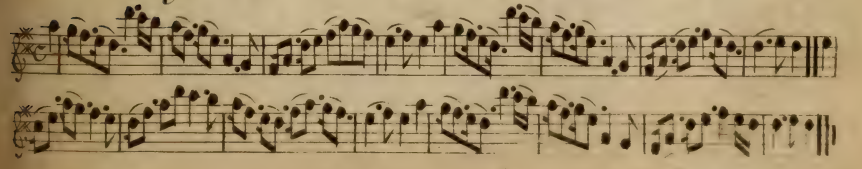
'Tis not her form alone I prize,
Which ev'ry fool that has but eyes
As well as I can see,
To say she's fair is but to say,
When Phœbus shines at Noon tis Day
What none need learn of me.

But I'm in love with Peggy's Mind
Where ev'ry Virtue is combind,
That can adorn the Fair,
Excepting one you scarce can miss,
So trifling that I would not wish
That Virtue had been there.

She who possess's all the rest,
Must sure excell the Prude whose Breast
That Virtue shares alone
To seek perfection is a Jest,
They who have fewest faults are best,
And Peggy has but one.

The Adieu


Since Moggy I mun bid adieu, how can I help dispairing, let
vate its Rigour still pursue, there's thought more worth my caring, twas
She alone could calm my Soul, when racking thoughts did grieve me, Her
Eyes my Troubles could controul, and in to Joys deceive me.

Farewell the Brooks, no more along,
Your Banks mun I be walking,
No more you'll hear my Pipe or Song,
Or Betty Peggy's talking,
But I by Death an End will give,
To Greif since we mun sever,
For who can after parting, Live O,
Ought to be wretched Ever.

A Favourite Air in the Opera of Eliza

Moderately
Fia
For
With swords on their thighs the bold Yeomen are
seen for their Country they Arm their Religion and Queen for their
Country they Arm their Religion and Queen
how glorious their Ardour to lay down their

Sung by Sig.ra Frasi

lives in defence of their freedom their

children and Wives how glorious their

ardour to lay down their lives in defence of their freedom their

children and Wives in defence of their freedom their children and

Wives

Ye Tyrants ye know not what Liberty yields
How she Guards all our shores & protects all our fields How she &c
As Rebe she's fair and as Hercules strong
She's the Queen of our mirth & the Joy of our song She's the &c

To Liberty raise up the high chearfull strain
Fill y Goblets around to the Lords of y Main Fill the &c
Eliza is Queen and her brave loyal band
Shall drive each Invader far out of the Land Shall &c

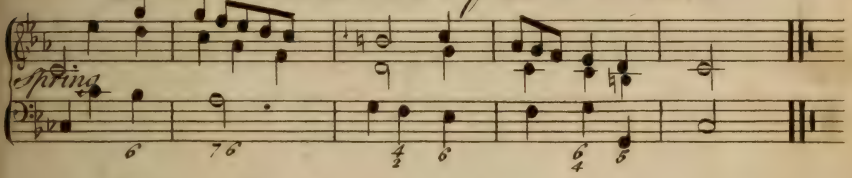
A Favourite Song from Shakespears Cimbeline

fair Fidel..... e's grassy Tomb soft Maids and

Village Hinds shall bring Each op ning Sweet of

earliest Bloom and rifle all the breathing

Set to Musick by Mr Arne



No wailing Ghosts shall dare appear
To vex with Shrieks this quiet Grove
But Shepherds Lads assemble here
And melting Virgins own their Love

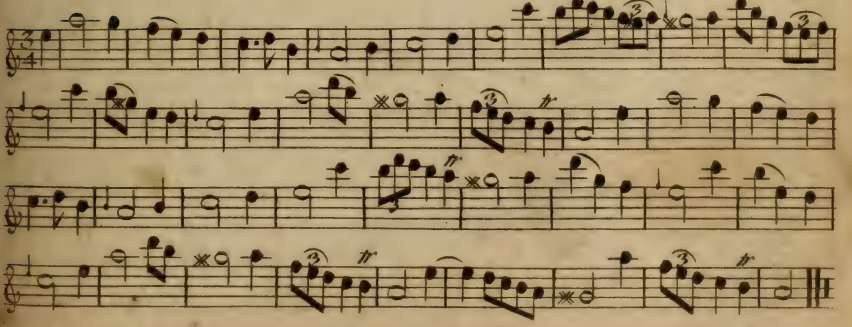
No wither'd Witch shall here be seen
No Goblins lead their nightly Crew
The Female Fayo shall haunt ỹ Green
And dress thy Grave with early Dew

The Redbreast oft at Evning Hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid
With hoary Moss ỹ gather'd Flowrs
To deck ỹ Ground where thou art laid

When howling Winds & beating Rain
In Tempest shake the Sylvan Cell
Or midst the Chace on every Plain
The tender Thought on ỹ shall dwell

Each lonely Scene shall Thee restore
For Thee the Tear be duly shed
Belov'd till Life could Charm no more
And mourn'd till Pity's Self be Dead

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



A Favourite Drinking Song

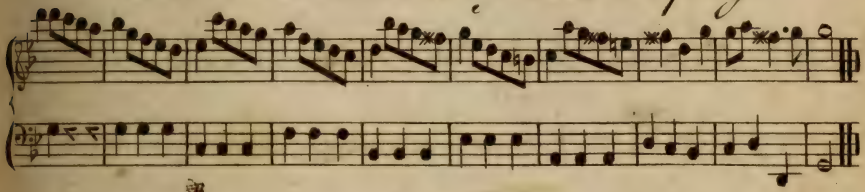
Had Neptune when first he took Charge of the Sea Been as wise or at

last been as merry as we'd have thought better out Hinstead of his

Horine would have fill'd the vast Ocean with generous Wi .....

..... ne would have fill'd y vast Ocean with generous Wine

Set to Musick by Mr. Popely



What trafficking then would have been on the Main,
For the sake of good Liquor as well as for Gain,
No Fear then of Tempest or Danger of Sinking,
The Fishes ne'er drown that are allways a drinking.

The hot thirsty Sun would drive with more haste,
Secure in the Evening of such a Repast;
And when he'd got tipsey, would have taken his Nap,
With double the Pleasure in Thetis's Lap.

By the Force of his Rays and thus heated with Wine,
Consider how gloriously Phebus would Shine,
What vast Exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor Earth as it wanted Supply.

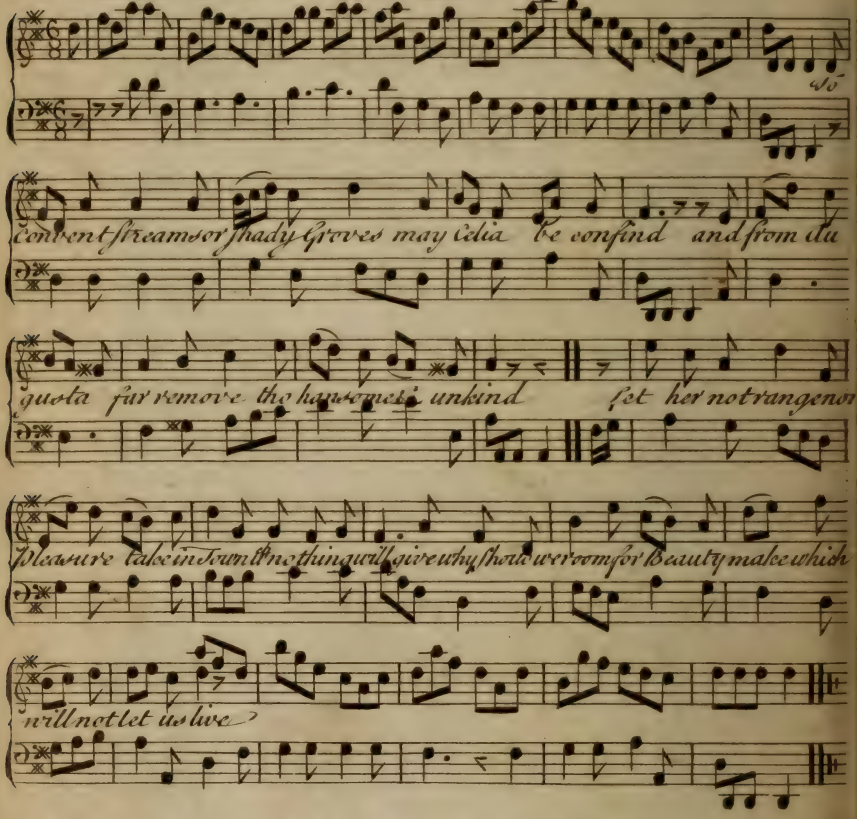
How happy us Mortals when blest with such a Rain,
To fill all our Vessels and fill 'em again.
Nay even the Beggar that has ne'er a Dish,
Might jump in the River and drink like a Fish.

What Mirth and Contentment on every ones brow,
Hob as great as a Prince, dancing after his Plough,
The Birds in the Air as they play on the Wing,
Altho' they but Sip, would eternally sing.

The Stars who I think don't to drinking incline
Would frisk and rejoyce at the Fume of the Wine,
And merrily twinkling, would soon let us know,
That they were as happy as Mortals below.

Had this been the Case what had we enjoy'd,
Our Spirits still rising, our Fancies ne'er cloy'd
A Pox then on Neptune when treats in his Pow'r
To slip like a Fool such a fortunate Hour.

A Favourite Air


Content streams or shady Groves may Celia be confind and from du
gusta far remove the hansomest unkind set her not strange nor
Pleasure take in Town the nothing will give why shou'd we room for Beauty make which
will not let us live

Eternal Pains like those of Hell
Who her admire endure
She always knows to wound too well
Yet never works a Cure
How would the State the Burden bear
If in the Throne where seen
As in Loves Empire we do fear
A Tyrant for a Queen?

A Favourite Air

I search'd the fields of ev'ry kind the fairest Flow'r I chose I sent them in a
wreath to bind my Rodo dear Brow My Rodo dear Brow Here
Hyacinthus ting'd in Blood in Purple Beauty glows there bursting from the
Swelling Bud appears the blushing Rose there burst ing from the swelling
Bud ap pears the blushing Rose ap pears the blushing Rose

Here Violets of Purple Hue
Chaste Lillies white as Snow
Narcissus that drink the Dew
And near the Fountain blow
To boast thy Charms when crown'd with those
Cease cease O beauteous Maid
Thy Face that Blooms so like the Rose
Like that alas! will fade.

A Favourite Song

Tenderly When I ernal

Airs perfume y Fields & pleasing Scenes y Landscape yields & pretty Birds

warbling Notes in Raptures swell their little Throats.

When Shepherds pass y pleasing Hours under y Trees on fragrant Flowers & ev.... ry

one doth take his Lass & gay ly Dan ces ana

gay ly Dan ces on y Grass

Set to Musick by Mr Travers

with spirit

Then then let me wander thro the Fields where Nature all her

Beauty yields where Sheep do feed fat Ox on low and Reapers

do the Harvest Mow

And where the pretty pretty little Lambs forsake their food to

meet their Dams or where if fragrant Flowrs do Spring & where the

Nightingale doth Sing

The Sky Lark

Moderately Slow & Strong

The Lark her lowly Nest defends were grassy

Tufts conceal her Brood there safe she lies when kaindles gends

And Scorns the

Shelter of the Wood & scorns and scorns & Shelter of the Wood the Shelter

of the Wood

Sung by Signora Frasi

But when ye rising Sun displays his

Glories on the Mountains Brow

Aloft she soars Aloft she soars Aloft she soars Sweetly pays her

Anthem to the World below So while the

Storm of Battle blows some humble Cott should be my Seat for

how can Peace obtain repose till Conquest Conquest calms ye troubled

in the Opera of Eliza

Seat So while the Storm of Battle blows some humble Cott should

be my Seat for how can Peace obtain repose obtain re

pose till Conquest till Conquest calms

the

troubled Seat till Conquest calms the troubled Seat

A New Song Set by Mr Selby

Tis Beauty Power's Potent

be our Reason scarce can keep us Free What Aid can save us when we find with

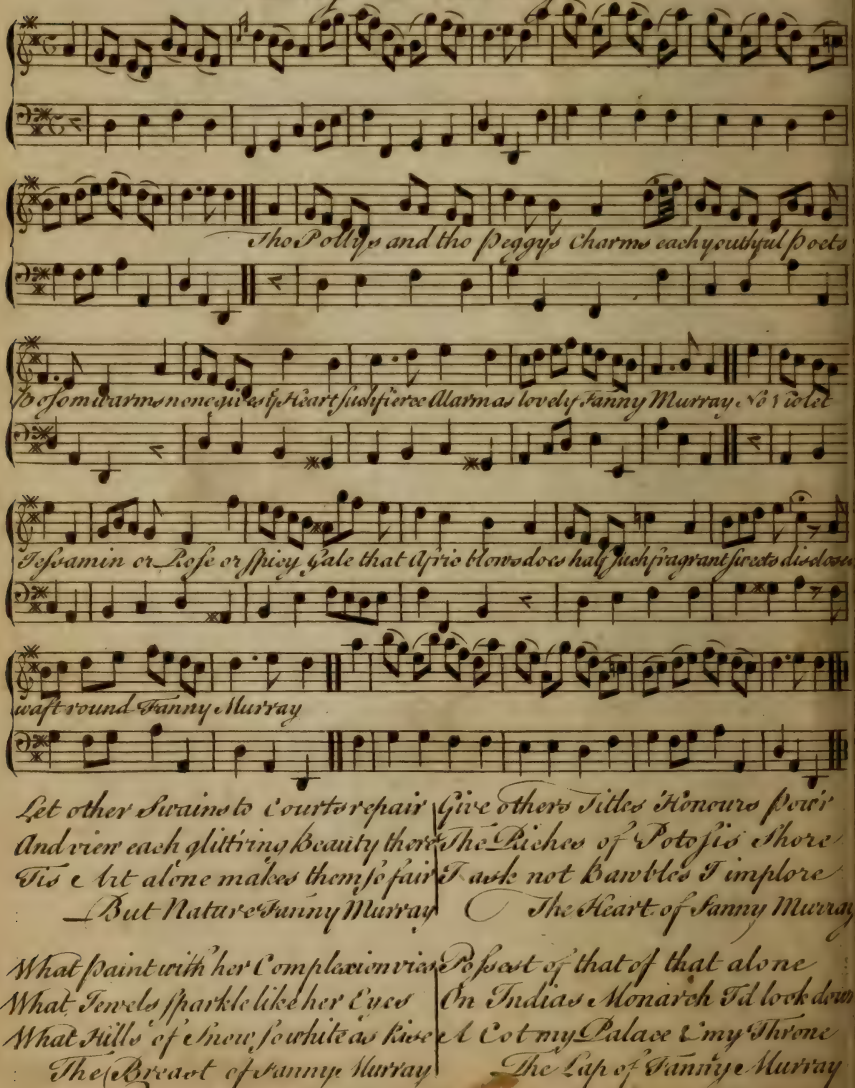
Beauty Mental & Beauty Mental Graces Joind

From such all Conqring force fly in vain we hope in vain we

fly in vain we hope in vain we fly

Since then Dear Maid that force is thine
An Heart your Captive I resign
So you afford a kind retreat
For higher Bliss it ne'r will beat
But dedicate it's future Hours
To guard those Virtues it adores.

Fanny & Murray


The Pollys and the Peggys charms each youthful Poets
So fond a arms no one equals Heart such fierce Alarms as lovely Fanny Murray No Violet
Jessamin or Rose or spicy Gale that Africs blows does half such fragrant sweets disclose
waft round Fanny Murray

Let other Swains to Courts repair
And view each glittring Beauty there
Tis Art alone makes them so fair
But Nature Fanny Murray

Give others Titles Honours Pow'r
The Riches of Potosi's Shore
I ask not Baubles I implore
The Heart of Fanny Murray

What Paint with her Complexion vies
What Jewels sparkle like her Eyes
What Hills of Snow so white as Rise
The Breast of Fanny Murray

Possest of that of that alone
On Indias Monarch I'd look down
A Cot my Palace my Throne
The Lap of Fanny Murray

The Lass of the Green

There lives a Lass upon the Green could Her Picture draw could

Her Picture draw A Brighter Nymph was never seen no never yet was seen that

looks & reigns that reigns & looks and reigns a little Queen & keeps y Swains in

awe & keeps y Swains in awe ..... and keeps y Swains in awe

Her Eyes are Cupids Darts and Wings
Her Eyebrows are his Bow
Her Silken Hair the Silver Strings
Which sure and Swift Destruction brings
To all the Vale below.

If Pastorellas dawning Light
Can warm and Wound us so
Her Noon will shine so piercing Bright
Each glancing Beam will kill outright
And every Swain subdue.

A Favourite Song

with Spirit

Pia For Wee've

fought we have conquer'd and England once more shall flourish in

Sym

Fame as she flourish'd before

Our Fears are all fled with our Enemies

Cho

slain could they rise up anew we would slay them again could they

rise up anew we would slay them again

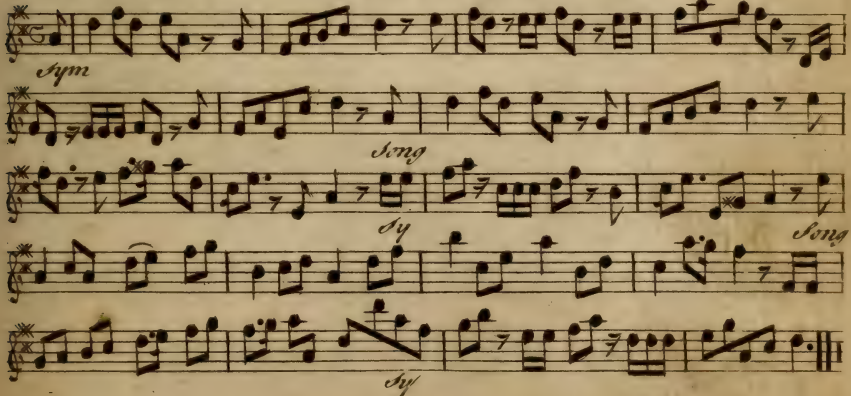
Sung by Mr. Beard

His Monarch to serve or to do himself right
No Englishman ever yet flinch'd from the fight
For why Neighbours all we are free as the King
'Tis that makes us brave & that makes us sing.

Our Prince too for this may be thankful to fate
It is in our freedom he finds himself great
No force can be wanting nor meaner Court Arts
He is Master of all who will reign in our Hearts.

Should Rebels within or should Foes from without
Bring the Crown on his Head or his Honour in doubt
We are ready still ready & boldly foretell
That Conquest shall ever with Liberty dwell.

And now bring us forth as the Crown of our labour
Much Wine & good Chear with the Pipe & the Tabor
Let our Nymphs all be kind & our Shepherds be gay
For England Old England is happy to Day.



Fond Philander

Moderately Brisk

As fond Philander

in the Pit by their Ophelia sat, a Card by some sly Gallery Wit was dropt up

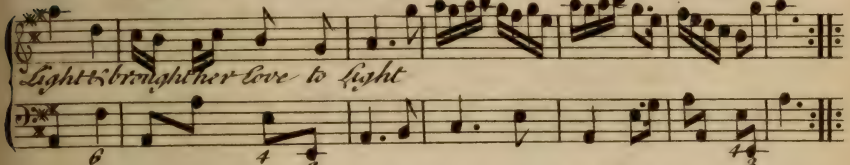
on his hat ..... was dropt upon his hat

The Nymph observing snatch'd it thence but blushing at it

sight confess'd it had explain'd her sence & brought her Love to light .....

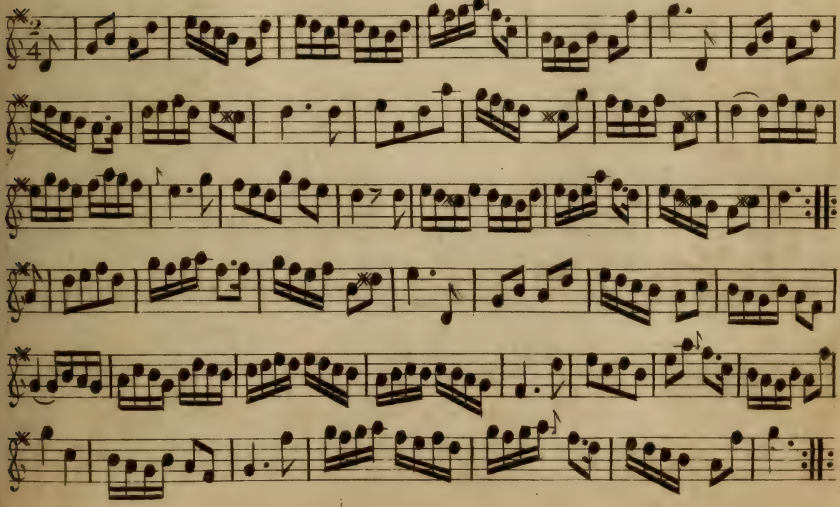
..... confess'd it had explain'd her sence & brought her Love to

Set to Musick by D^r Green



The Swain perceiving her chang'd Look
With Sudden Rapture Starts
The Card with Sweet Compulsion took
And found it King of Hearts
The King of Hearts! O Fortune blest
Were I but Such he cry'd
You reign already in my Breast
She lovingly reply'd.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



A Favourite Song in the Tempest

Gently

Po

To what my Eyes ad

mir'd before I Cado a thousand Graces more and fancy blows in to a

Flame..... the Spark that from her beauty came The Object

thus improv'd by thought by my own Image I am caught Pygmalion

so with fa tal Art polish'd form that stung his Heart polish'd the form

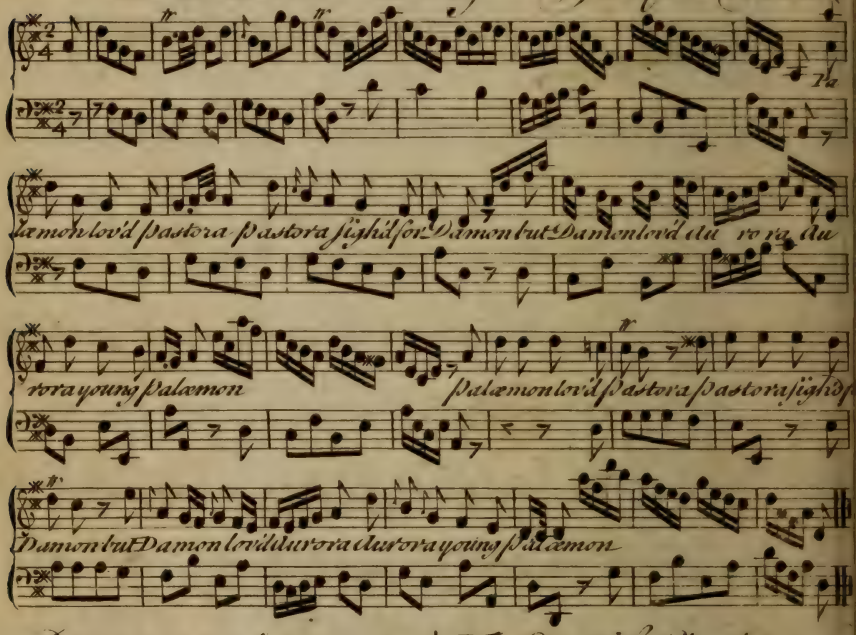
Set to Music by Mr. Smith

that's tung that Stung his Heart — Polish'd the form that Stang his Heart

For the German Flute

Sym — Fra — Fra — Song — Sy — Song — Sy — So — Sy

A New Song set by Mr Baildon


Damon lov'd Pastora Pastora sigh'd for Damon but Damon lov'd du ro ra du
rora young Palæmon
Palæmon lov'd Pastora Pastora sigh'd
Damon but Damon lov'd Aurora Aurora young Palæmon

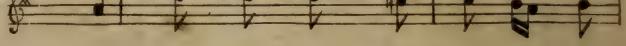
Palæmon gave Pastora
A Wreath & Shepherd's Crook:
And Damon gave Aurora
A Knot and Reaping hook

Pastora gave to Damon
A Cap with Chaplets crown'd:
Aurora gave Palæmon,
A Pipe with Hazel bound

The Cap with Chaplets crown
Young Damon gave Aurora
The Pipe with Hazel bound
Palæmon gave Pastora

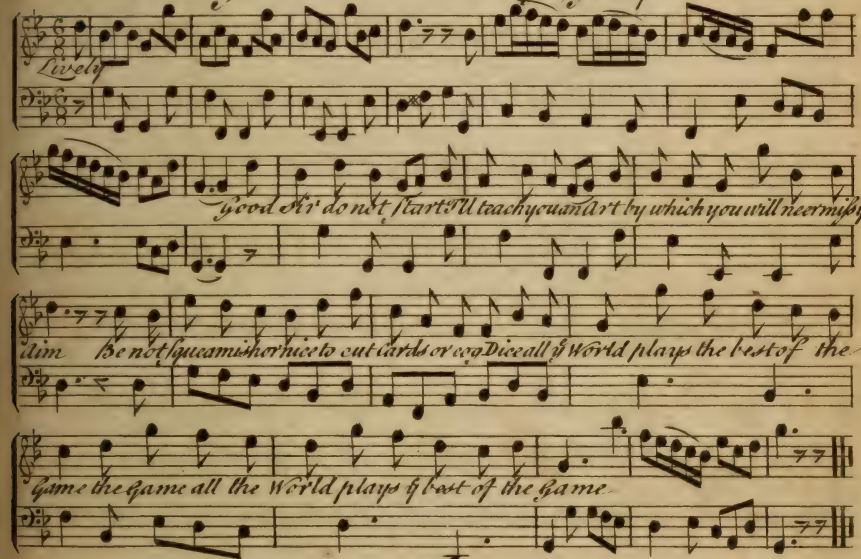
The Wreath & Shepherd's Crook
Pastora gave to Damon,
The Knot and Reaping hook,
Aurora gave Palæmon

The first line in this Stanza to be Sung thus



So Crossly turn'd their Presents went,
Their Loves so oddly vary'd
That ev'ry Token which was sent,
Its true Design miscarry'd

The Gamester's Song Set by Mr Oswald


Lively
Good Sr do not start I'll teach you an Art by which you will never miss
time Be not Squeamish or nice to cut Cards or coy Dice all ye World plays the best of the
Game the Game all the World plays ye best of the Game

See how each Profession & trade through ye Nation
Will dupe all they can without Shame
Then why should not we in our turn be as free
All the World plays the best of the Game.

The Lawyers of Note who Squabble and quote
Are expecting both Riches & Fame
And all is but trick the poor Client to nick
For the Law plays the best of the Game.

To gain his base ends each Lover pretends
To talk of his Darts & his flame
By which he draws in the poor Maiden to Sin
Who is left with the worst of the Game.

And so the coy Maid with modesty's Aid
To foolish fond Man does the same
When the Gods in the Net the Prude turns Coquete
And her Spouse has the Worst of the Game.

Then since the great Plan is Cheat who Cheat can
Pray think not my Notions to blame
Join Lawyers & Proctors Maids Lovers & Doctors
All the World plays the best of the Game.

On Tree topid Hill

On Tree topid Hill or turf-
...ted Green while yet Au...ro....ras Vest is Seen While
Yet Au.ro.....ras Vest is Seen before the
Sun has left the Sea Let the fresh Morning
breath on me Let the fresh Morning breath on
me.

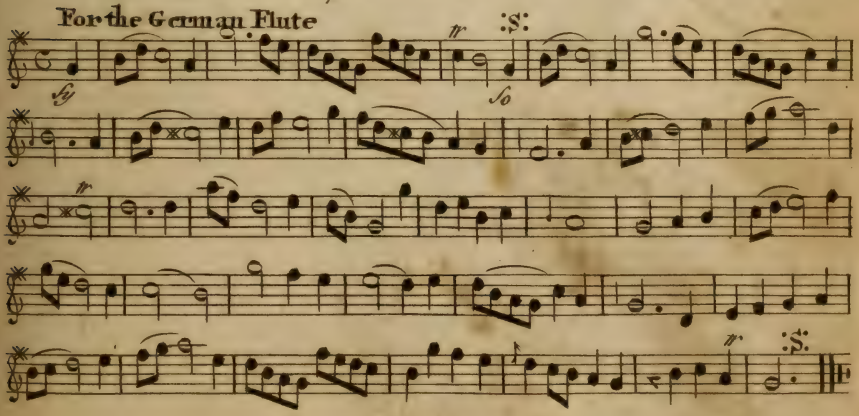
Set to Music by Mr. Smith

To furze blown Heath on Pasture Mead
Do thou my happy footsteps lead
Then show me to the pleasing Stream
Of which so oft at Night I dream

At Noon the mazy Wood I'll tread
With Autumn Leaves and dry Moss spread
And cooling fruits for thee prepare
For sure I think thou wilt be there

Till Birds begin their Evening Song
With thee the time seems never long
O let us speak our Love that's past
And count how long it has to Last

I'll say eternally and thou
Shall only look as kind as now
I ask no more for that affords
What is not in the force of Words



A Favourite Song Sung by Mrs. Vernon

Lively

Come Britannia

Pia

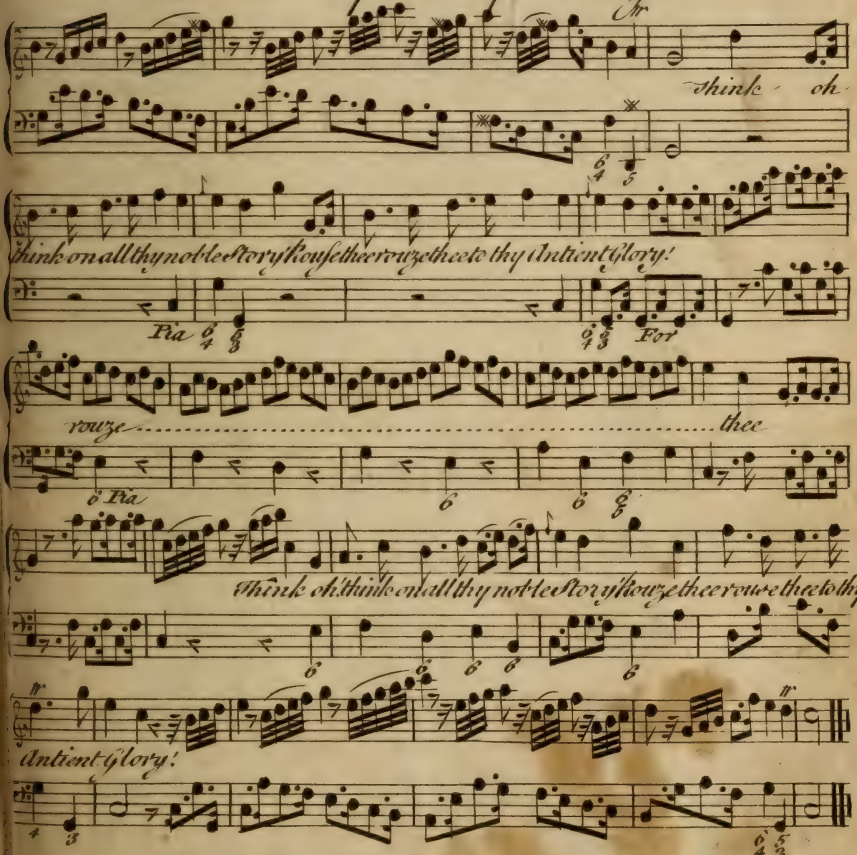
Shake thy Lance Plume thyself in martial Pride Haste thy glorious shield ad

vance take again thy gallant Stride haste

take again thy gallant Stride

For

in the Opera of Eliza


think oh
Think on all thy noble Story Rouse thee rouze thee to thy Antient Glory!
Pia
For
rouze thee
Pia
Think oh think on all thy noble Story Rouze thee rouze thee to thy
Antient Glory!

Hasten hasten hence away,
All thy martial Ardour shew,
Clad in terrible Array,
Thou shalt vanquish ev'ry Foe,
Think, oh think on all thy noble Story,
Rouze thee rouze thee to thy Antient Glory.

A favourite Song

Set by Mr Defesch.

Daphne on her Arm reclin'd thus address'd her angry Mind see the Couples how the

run prepping all to be undone

Lifted now in endless Strife forth they Sail Man and Wife Seas are

ruffled often flow are those Calms in Marriage No

Visionary Scene and vain
Fancied Joy but real Pain
Tis to sight a goodly Flow'r
But it changes in an hour
Dian take me to thy Shade
I with thee will dwell a Maid
Deaf to Corteour Wit or Beau
When they sue I'll thunder No

Thus the Fair in anger spoke
Gainst poor Hymens rugged yoke
Cupid in the form of Youth
Sworn Foe to Virgins truth
Every human art he try'd
Knelt & vow'd & wept & sigh'd
Must I say Capture in vow
Daphne sigh'd & whisper'd Ye

Natural Love

Lively

fy

dark why the Miser hoards his pelf or why the Bee Ex

tracts the sweets what makes Eyelids Manwish for Health Or change of Seasons Colds and

Heats then willing ly I'll try to prove my Charming Delia why I

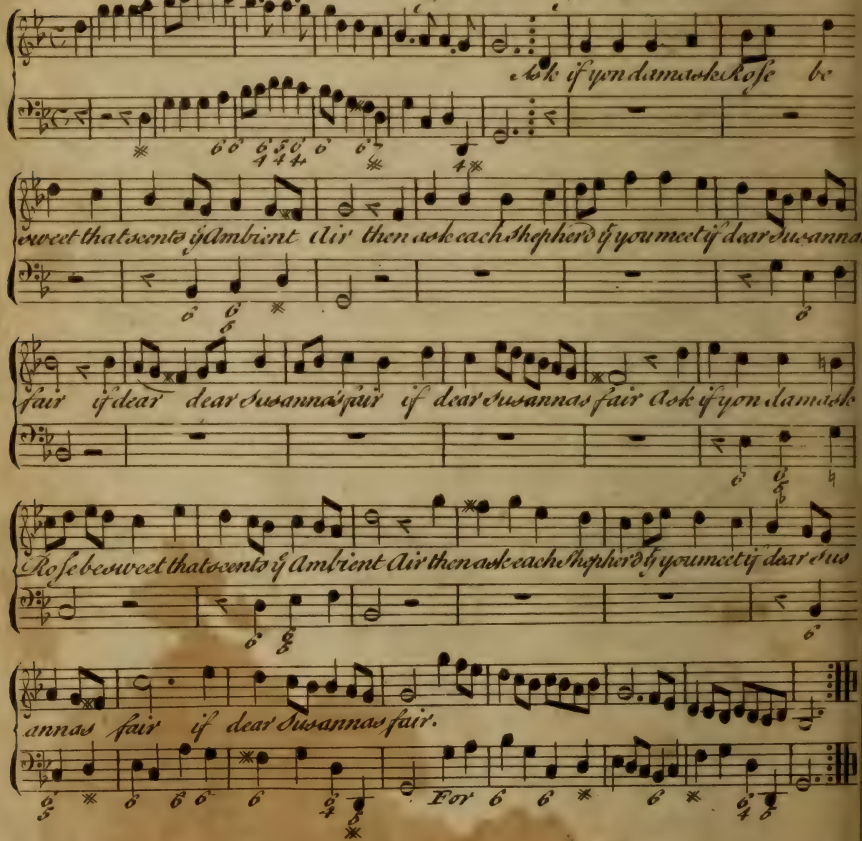
fy

Love

Why upwards does fy Flame aspire
Why to the North the Needle tend
Why Nature Courage does inspire
Or why the good & bad does blend
Then willingly I'll try to Prove
My charming Delia why I Love

Could I but hope Loves keenest Dart
Would ever make your Bosom burn
And move that Icy frozen Heart
To mutual Passion in return
If once you'd see at once you'd prove
My charming Delia why I Love

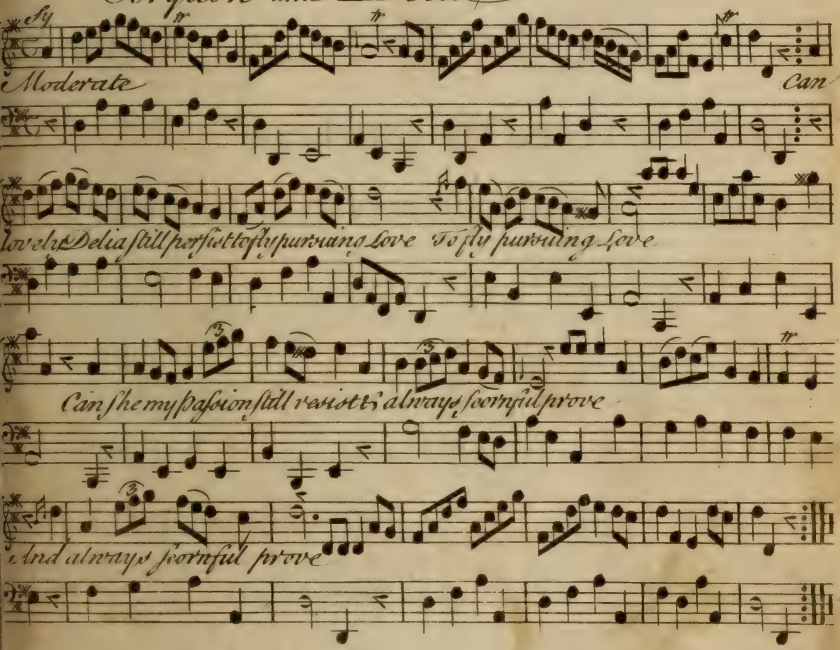
A favourite Song Set by Mr. Handell


Ask if yon damask Rose be
sweet that scents ye Ambient Air then ask each Shepherd ye you meet ye dear Susanna
fair if dear dear Susannas fair if dear Susannas fair Ask if yon damask
Rose be sweet that scents ye Ambient Air then ask each Shepherd ye you meet ye dear Sus
annas fair if dear Susannas fair.
For

Say will the Vulture leave his Prey
And warble thro the Grove
Bid wanton Linnets quit the Spray
Then doubt thy Shepherds Love.

The Spoils of War let Heroes share
Let Pride in Splendor shine
Ye Bards unenvy'd Laurels wear
Be fair Susanna mine.

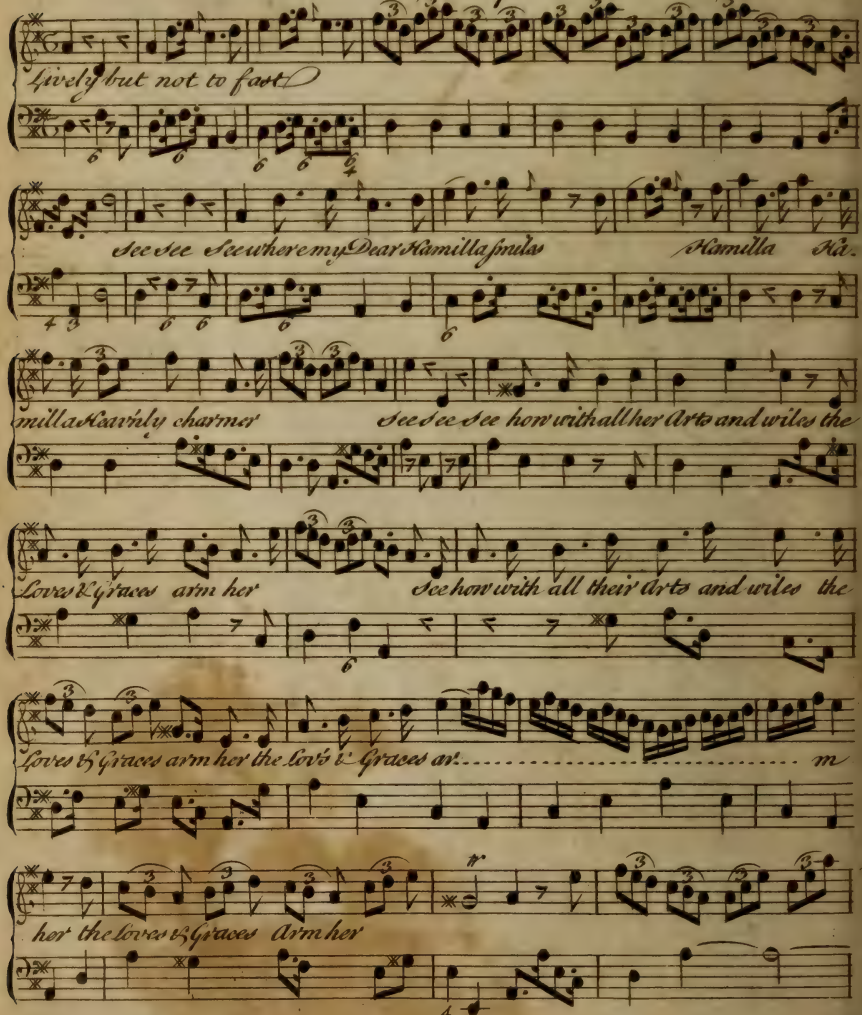
Corydon and Delia


Moderate
Can
Love's Delia still persist to fly pursuing Love
To fly pursuing Love
Can she my passion still resist? always scornful prove
And always scornful prove

With Sighs and Tears I told my Tale,
And did it oft repeat,
But Sighs and Tears will not avail,
She all my hopes defeat.

Pitty my Fate ye Powers above,
Relax the Fair One's Heart,
And grant that Delia may in Love,
With Corydon bear part.

Hamilla or the Rapturid Lover


Lively but not to fast
See See See where my Dear Hamilla smiles
Hamilla Ha.
milla Heavnly charmer
See See See how with all her Arts and wiles the
Loves & Graces arm her
See how with all their Arts and wiles the
Loves & Graces arm her the Loves & Graces ar
m
her the Loves & Graces Arm her

Set to Musick by Dr Green

A Blush a

A blush dwells glory on her Cheek fair seat of Youth plea sure of youthfull pleasure

there Love in smiling smiling smiling Language speaks there spreads Joy Treasure there

Love in smiling smiling Language speaks there spreads there spreads Joy rous Treasure there spreads

do there spreads Joy rous rous Treasure

O fairest Maid I own thy power
I Gaze I Sigh I Languish
Yet ever ever will Adore
And triumph in my Anguish
But ease O Charmer ease my care
And Let my torments move thee
As thou art fairest of the fair
So I the Dearest Love thee

When all the ATTIC FIRE

Gently Pia For

When all the Attic fire was fled & all the

Roman Virtue dead Poor Freedom lost her Seat Poor Freedom lost her

Seat Sym The Gothic Mantle spread a Night that

For Pia

damp'd fair Virtues fading Light The Muses lost their Mate the

Muses lost their Mate Sy

in the OPERA *of* ELIZA

Where should they wander where should they wander what new shore had

yet a Laurel left in store to this blest Isle they steer to

this blest Isle they steer by

Soon the Parnassian choir was heard soon Virtues sacred form appear'd

And Freedom soon was here and Freedom

soon was here The

Sung by Mrs Vernon

lazy Monk has lost his Bell Religion rings her Hallowed Bell

she calls thee now by me she calls thee now by

me Hark hark hark her sweet

Voice all plantive sounds See See See she receives a

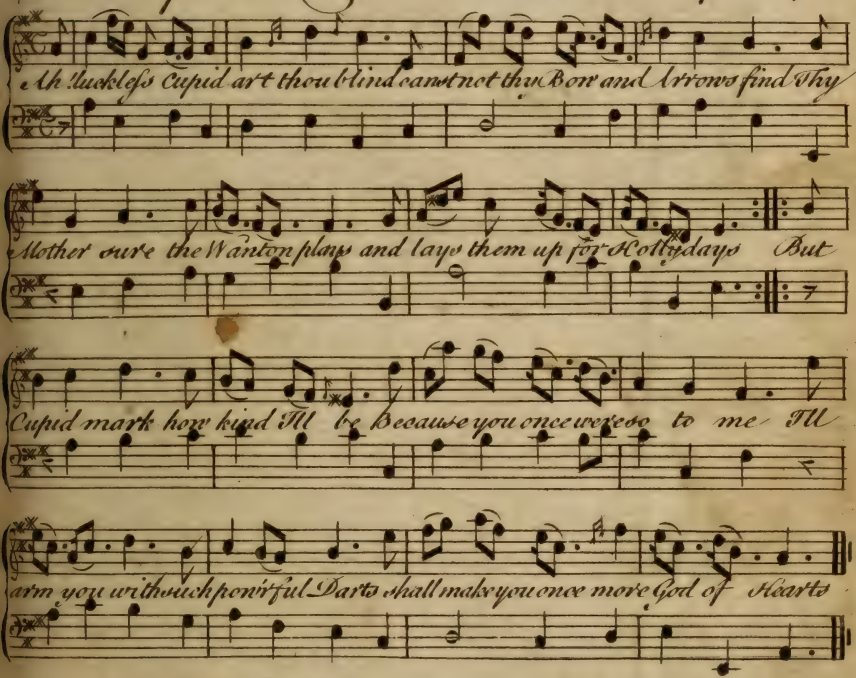
thousand Wounds if shielded not by thee If shielded not by

For

thee

Cupid's Power restor'd

Set by Mr Attfield


Ah luckless Cupid art thou blind canst not thy Bow and Arrows find thy
Mother sure the Wanton plays and lays them up for Holidays But
Cupid mark how kind I'll be Because you once were so to me I'll
arm you with such pow'rful Darts shall make you once more God of Hearts

My Cloe's Breast shall be the court,
Where little Loves shall play and sport;
Her snowey Arms shall be thy Bow,
Which none but Love can bend you know:
And of the Ringlets in her Neck,
You shall your trembling Bow-strings make,
Then taking Arrows from her Eyes,
Who e'er you shoot at surely dies.

The Confession

Set by Mr Bryan

Tenderly

Lovely Fanny charming Maid kind gentle fair and free In all thy Sex's

Charms array'd How few are form'd like thee Thy

Image allways fills my Mind the Theme of ev'ry Song I'm fain to

thee alone I find but ask not for how long

The Fair in gen'ral I've admir'd,
Have long been false and true,
And when the last my fancy tir'd,
It wander'd round to you.
Then while I can I'll be Sincere
As Turtles to their Mates
This moments yours and mine my Dear,
The next you know is Fates.

JENNY A New Song

Moderately Brisk

No Lass on fam'd Hi

Ferraign Plains where Beauty all Triumphant Reigns Of Jenny can out vie

Her Artless Charms nor Musc can tell nor can Art

ring Sun Excell - The radiance of her Eyes

Unnumber'd Graces round her move
At once Inspiring awe and Love
How Heavenly is her smile
With what a sweet bewitching mein
Not to be told or safely seen
She can the hours beguile

Good nature chearfulness & ease
Improve y^e fair ones Pow'r to please
Which no vain pride destroys
While meaner beauties gain by Arts
Of vulgar growth y^e Coxcombs Hearts
She scorns the worthless Toys

Behold my Muse and tell y^e fair
No tinsel charms can ever ensnare
A Heart that's worth the pains
A short liv'd Flame indeed may raise
Which rapid as it grows decays
And scarce a day remains

But would you fix the constant
Of swains who worth deserve chuse
Pursue my Jennys plan
No other way you can succeed
For tho you may the Fopling lead
You'll never secure the Man

Jockey and Mary A Favourite Song

Moderately

When Trees did bud & Fields were gree

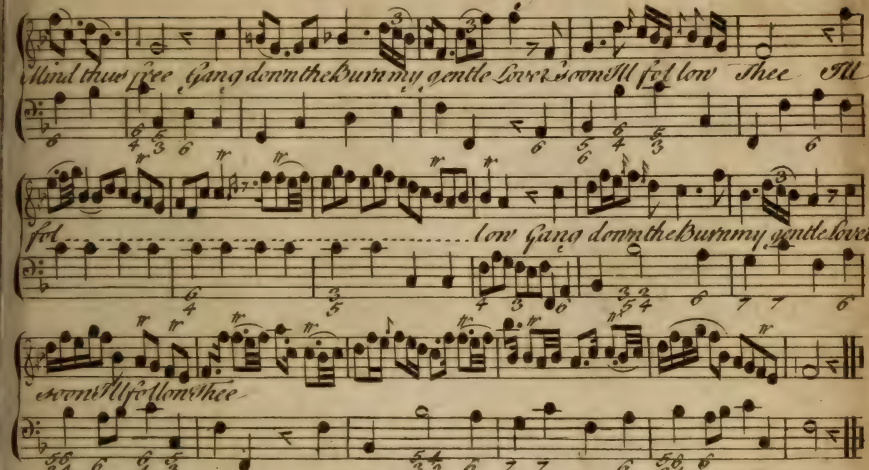
How fair were fair to see When Mary was compleat fifteen & love laughd in her Eye Lov

laughd in

When Mary was com

pleat fifteen & love laughd in her Eye Blith Jockey looks her heart did move to speak he

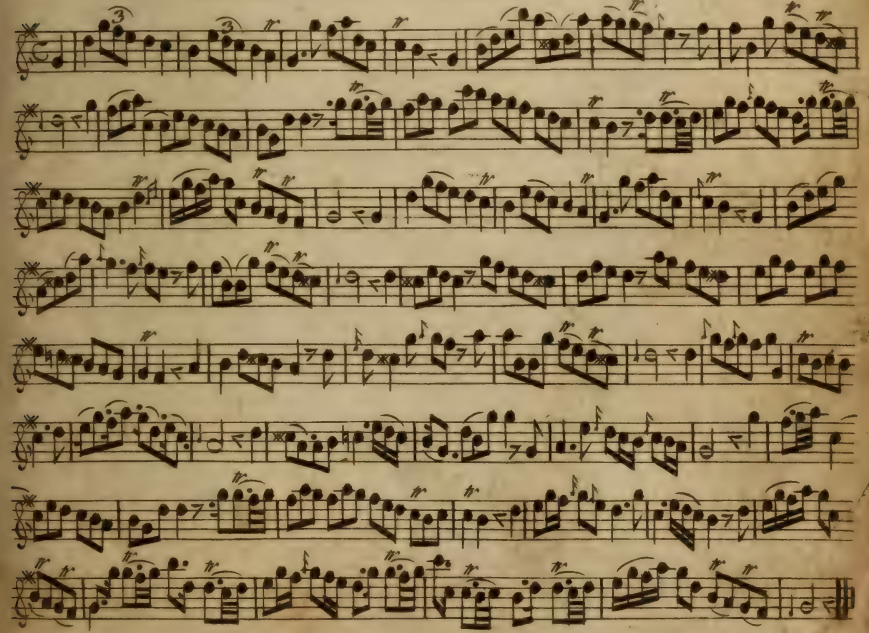
Set to Musick by Mr Arne


Mind thus I'ee Gang down the Burn my gentle Love I soon will fol low Thee Ill
fol low Gang down the Burn my gentle Love
soon Ill fol low thee

Now Tockey did each Lad surpass
That dwell on this Burn side
And Mary was a bonny Lass
Just meet to be a Bride
Her Cheeks were rosy red & white
Her Eyes were azure blue
Her Looks were like Aurora bright
Her Lips like dropping Dew.

What pass'd I guess was harmless play
And nothing save unmeet
For ganging home I heard them say
They lik'd a walk so sweet
His Cheek to hers he fondly laid
She cry'd sweet Love be true
And when a Wife as now a Maid
To Death I'll follow you.

For the German Flute.



The ACCIDENT Written by Mr. Boyce

Viol 1

Lively

Viol 2 pia

Viol 2

As tother Day

for

Viol 2

milking I sat in the Vale young Damon came up to Address his soft Tale

pia for

Viol 1 pia

So sudden I started and gave him a groan for he frighted my

pia

for pia

Cow And my Milk was kick'd down he frighted my Cow and my

for pia for

Chloes Power

Set by Mr Arne Junr

Slow

Forbear fond

God forbear your Dart seek not to Wound a dying Heart

At Chloes feet aspiring lies a bleeding Victim to her conquering Eyes

From her Death such a pleasing pain
I wish to live to dye again
With Joy to him the Blow is given
That has so near a prospect of this Heav'n

You and the little Loves all fly
To light their Torches at her Eye
By her alone lovers Empire thrive
This Vestal keeps loves sacred fire alive

Then Chloe tis not strange that you
Weak Mortals yielding Hearts subdue
Since you another Venus prove
And give new being to the God of Love

A Favourite Song in Compass of the 6er Flute

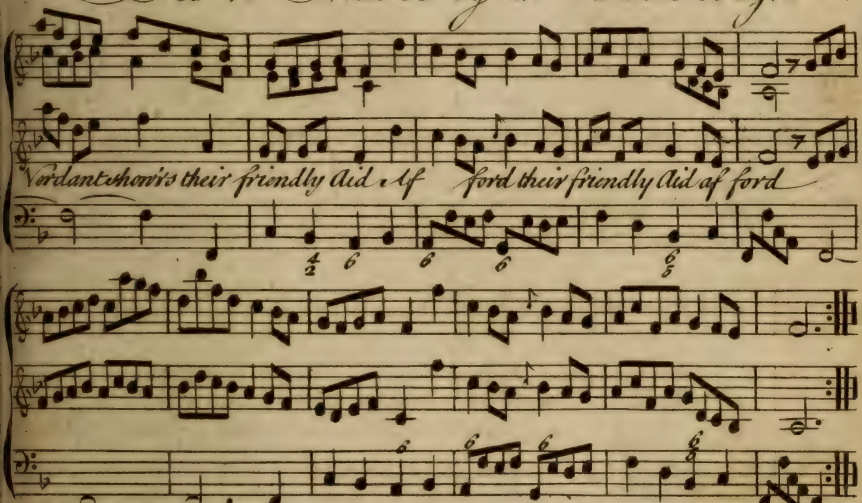
Moderately

Come Damon come Oh! haste away now Youthful Spring

pears And Phœbus with refulgent Ray relenting Nature Cheers See

Verdant Lawns & Fields & Bowrs by genial Warmth restor'd whilst soft refreshing

Set to Music by an Eminent Master



As when worn down with Toils & Cares
We gentle Sleep require,
Indulgent Sleep our wants repairs,
And does new life Inspire
So Winters Frosts are chas'd away,
By Sols enlivening Pow'r,
Which kindly o'r all Nature Strays
Revives each Plant & Flow'r.

The Primrose sweet & Cowslip too
Bedeck the lovely Green,
Where e're we turn & take a View
Kind natures Smiles are seen,
In wanton Play & sportive Lambs
On Meadows frisk it o'er,
Or feeding with their bleeting Dams
There choicest Grass explore.

The whistling Thrush with pleasing Note
Now welcomes in the Morn,
And gaily swells his tuneful throat
This Season to Adorn,
Soon as the Sun begins to rise
The warbling Larks repair,
And soaring mount to distant Skies
And sport in Fields of Air.

Midst lonely Woods & Silent Bowrs
When Sol in West retreats,
In plaintive Notes poor Philomel
Her Evening Tale repeats,
Then well together ev'ry Day
O'er flowry Meadows rove,
Or whilst soft gentle Zephurs play
Frequent the shady Grove.

There we will tell sweet tales of Love
There Cupids force I'll own,
Invoke each gentle Pow'r above,
My Bliss with thee to Crown,
As from each harm, the careful swains,
Secure their Fleecy care
So will kind heav'n while life remains,
Preserve a faithful Pair.

On Friendship Set by Mr. John Gerrard

Moderately Brisk

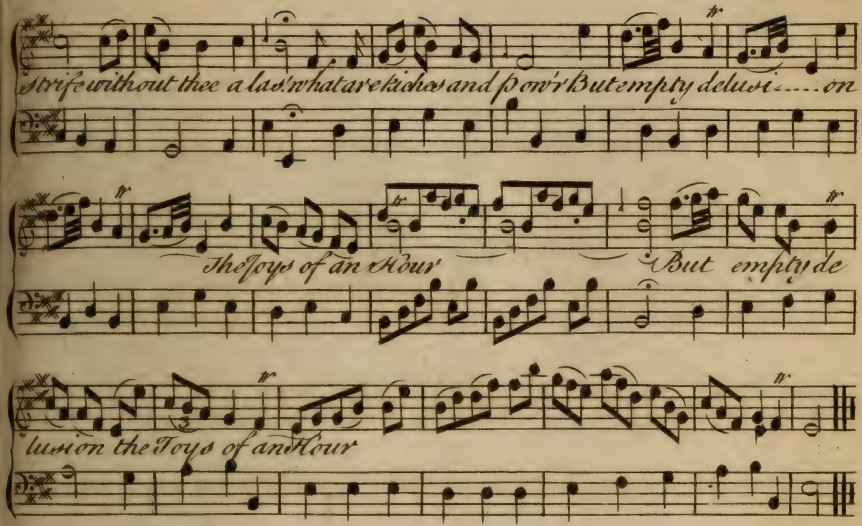
The World my dear

Myra is full of deceit and Friendship a jewel we seldom can meet how

strange does it seem that in searching a round This source of Content is so

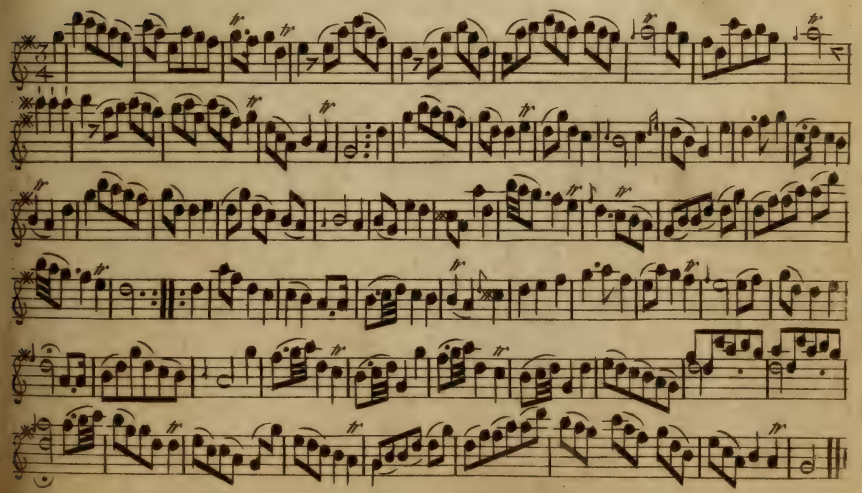
rare to be found O Friendship thou

Balm to rich sweetner of life Kind Parent of ease and compo ser of


strife without thee alas! what are riches and pow'r But empty delusi.....on
The Joys of an Hour
But empty de
lusion the Joys of an Hour

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a Friend
On whom we may always with safety depend;
Our Joys, when extended, will always increase,
And Griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace,
When Fortune is smiling, what Crowds will appear,
Their kindness to offer and Friendship sincere;
Yet change but the Prospect, and paint out Distress,
No longer to court you they eagerly press.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



The Wit and Beau

Moderately Brisk

With

every Grace Young Strephon chose his Person to adorn

his Person to adorn

That by the Beauties of his Face in Sylvias

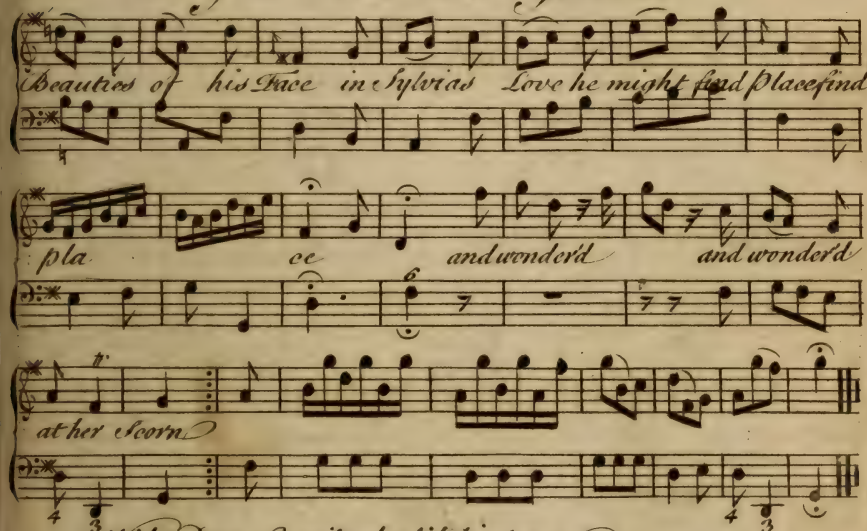
love he might find Place

and wonder'd

and Wonder'd at her Scorn

That by the

Sung at the Publick Gardens

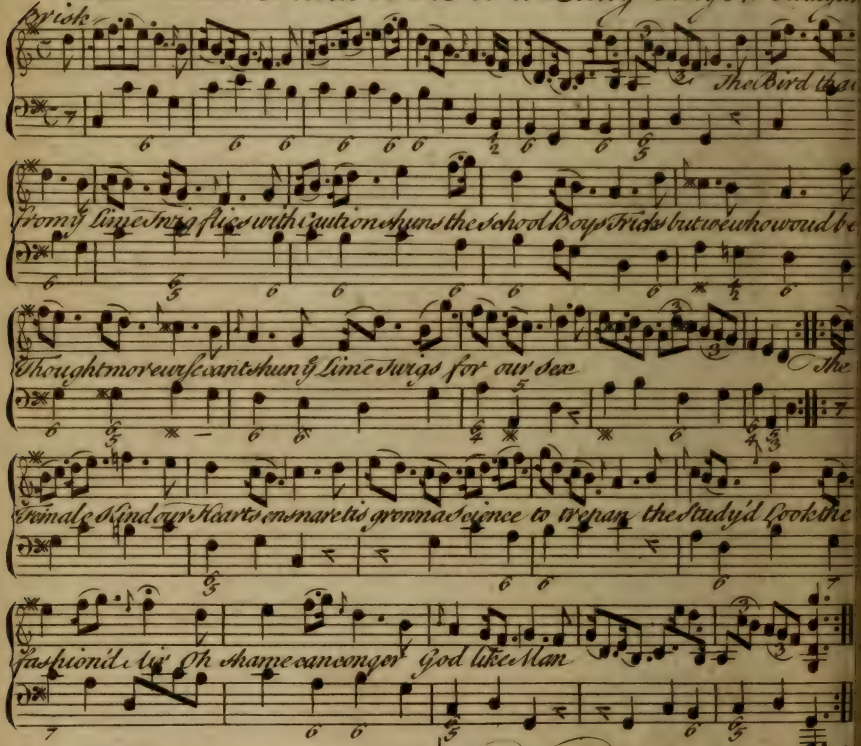


With Bows & Smiles he did his part
But ob 'twas all in Vain
A Youth less Fine a Youth of Art
Had talk'd himself into her Heart
And wou'd not out again.

With Change of Habits Strephon press'd
And urg'd her to Admire
His Love alone the other Drest
As verse or Prose became it best
And mov'd her soft Desire.

This found his Courtship Strephon ends
Or makes it to his Glass
There in himself now seeks Amends
Convinc'd that were a Wit Pretends
A Beau is but an Ass.

An Ode Addressed to a Lady Set by Mr Abington

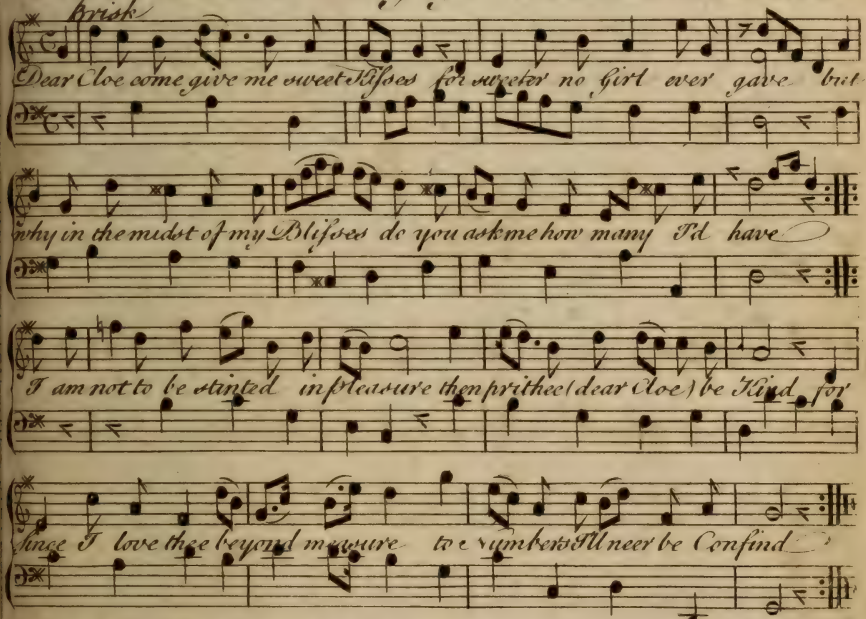

brisk
The Bird that
From ye Lime Twig flies with Caution shuns the School Boys Tricks but we who would be
Thoughtmore we scant shun ye Lime Twigs for our Sex
The
Feinale Kind our Hearts ensnare tis gronna Science to weepan the Study'd Look the
Fashion'd Air Oh shame encounger God like Man

To sooth the feeling social breast,
And calm the noisy Worlds alarms
To welcome Rapture Peace & Rest,
With Beauty soft endearing Charms,
By native pow'r of Face and Mind,
To be at once both bless'd and bless
For this ye Gods the Sex design'd!
And not to patch, to paint & dress.

When Nature kind averts her Skill
And frames a heavnly Face & Mien
How vain to contradict her Will,
That let the Angel still be seen,
Such Beauty needs no mortal Aid
But ever brightens in the Good,
Believe me Nature never made
A gay Coquette or formal Prude.

The Glare of tinsel Vanity,
The mental Eye may chance approve,
But Sence & heav'n-born Modesty,
Must win the Soul, the Seat of Love
The blooming Maid whom these adorn,
With pitty views her Sex's Folly,
And radiant as the Rays of Morn,
These Virtues shine in the O Molly!

The Fond Lover. Sung by Mr. Lowe at Vaux Hall


Brisk
Dear Cloe come give me sweet Kisses for sweeter no Girl ever gave but
why in the midst of my Blisses do you ask me how many I'd have
I am not to be stinted in pleasure then prithee (dear Cloe) be Kind for
since I love thee beyond measure to Numbers I'll never be Confind

Count the Bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the Flow'rs that enamil the Fields,
Count the Flocks that on Tempe are straying,
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields:
Count how many Stars are in Heav'n,
Go number the Sands on the Shore,
And when so many Kisses you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

To a Heart full of Love let me hold Thee,
A Heart which (dear Cloe) is thine,
In my Arms I'd for ever enfold Thee,
And twist round thy Neck like a Vine;
What Joy can be greater than this is,
My Life on thy Lips shall be spent,
But the Wretch who can number his Kisses,
Will allways with fond be content.

Lucy.

Written by Mr. Green.

Lively

Of all the Nymphs th

tript the Green fair Lucy bore the Sway Joy in each Shepher

look was seen her presence made them gay gay

Sym

to among the admiring rest her rising Charms survey'd

Set to Musick by Mr. Bryan

gaz'd but little thought my Breast by gazing was be trayd I

gaz'd but little thought my Breast by gazing was be trayd

But since I've heard with sweet surprize
Her pleasing Voice & Strain,
Resolv'd my Rebel Heart denies,
With me more to remain,
Farewell my Heart since then you'll go,
Farewell too late you'll find,
Fair Lucy's Charms dont stoop so low,
As your fond Tale to mind.

Sym

Sym

If Love's a sweet Passion

Tenderly pia for

If Loves a sweet passion how can it torment if bitter O

tell me whence comes my content since I suffer with pleasure why

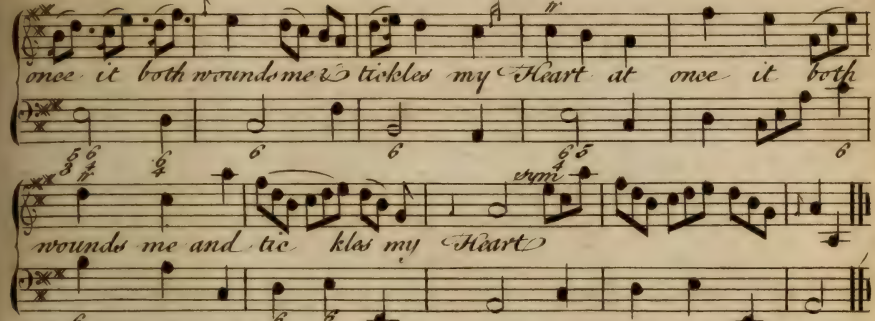
should I complain Or grieve at my Fate since I know tis in

vain sym Song O Yet so pleasing the

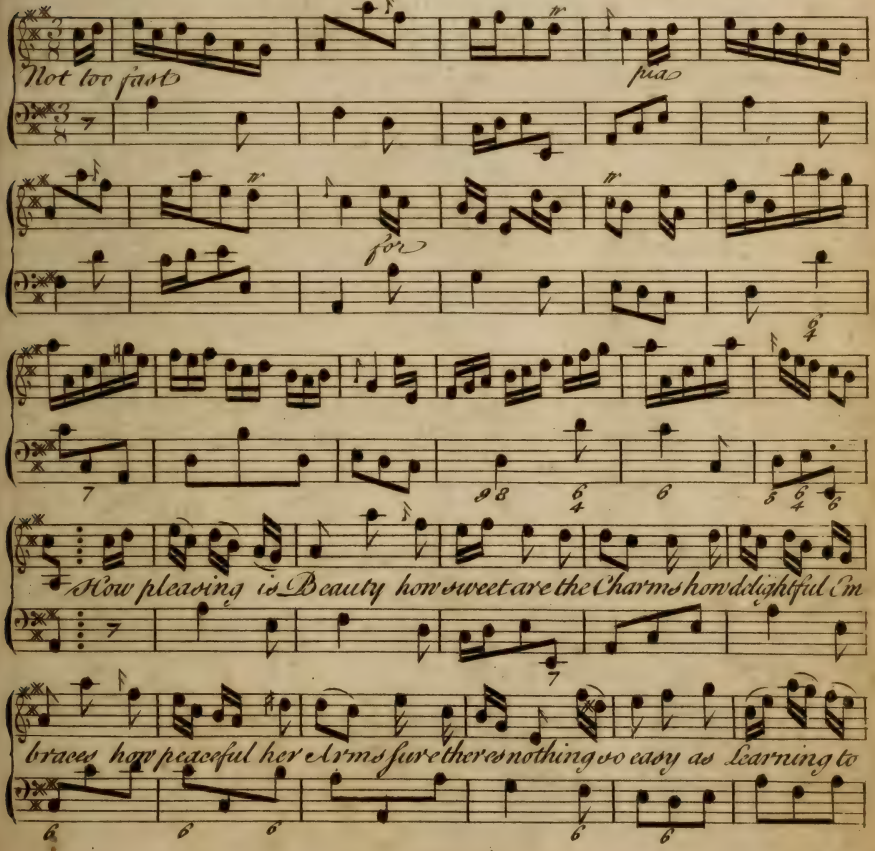
Pain is so soft is the Dart That at

for pia

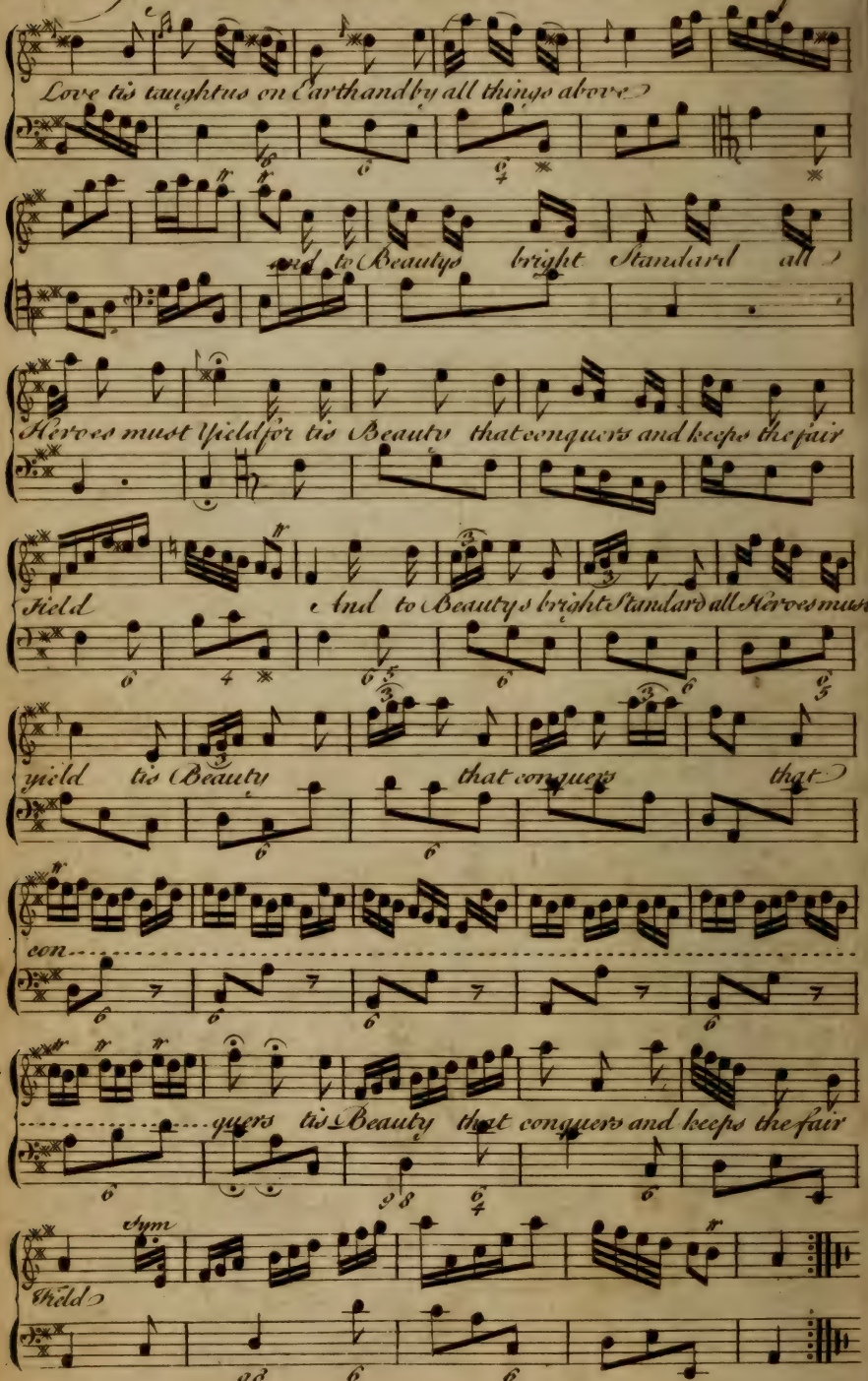
Set to Musick by Mr Baildon



I grasp her Hand gently look languishing down
And by passionate silence I make my love known
But oh how I'm bless'd when so kind she does prove
By some willing Mistake to discover her love
When in striving to hide she reveals all her Flame
And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare Name.


Not too fast
pia
for
How pleasing is Beauty how sweet are the Charms how delightful an
braces how peaceful her Arms sure there's nothing so easy as Learning to

Sung by Mr. Lowe at the Theatre Royal


Love tis taught us on Earth and by all things above
And to Beautys bright Standard all
Heroes must yield for tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair
Field And to Beautys bright Standard all Heroes must
yield tis Beauty that conquers that
con
quers tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair
Sym
Field

A Favourite Air

Moderately Brisk

Phillis we dont grieve that Nature

forming you has done her part and in ev'ry single feature shew'd ye utmost of her

Art

shew'd the utmost of her Art

But in this it is pretended all the cruel grievance lies that your Heart should bede

fended while you wound us with your Eyes

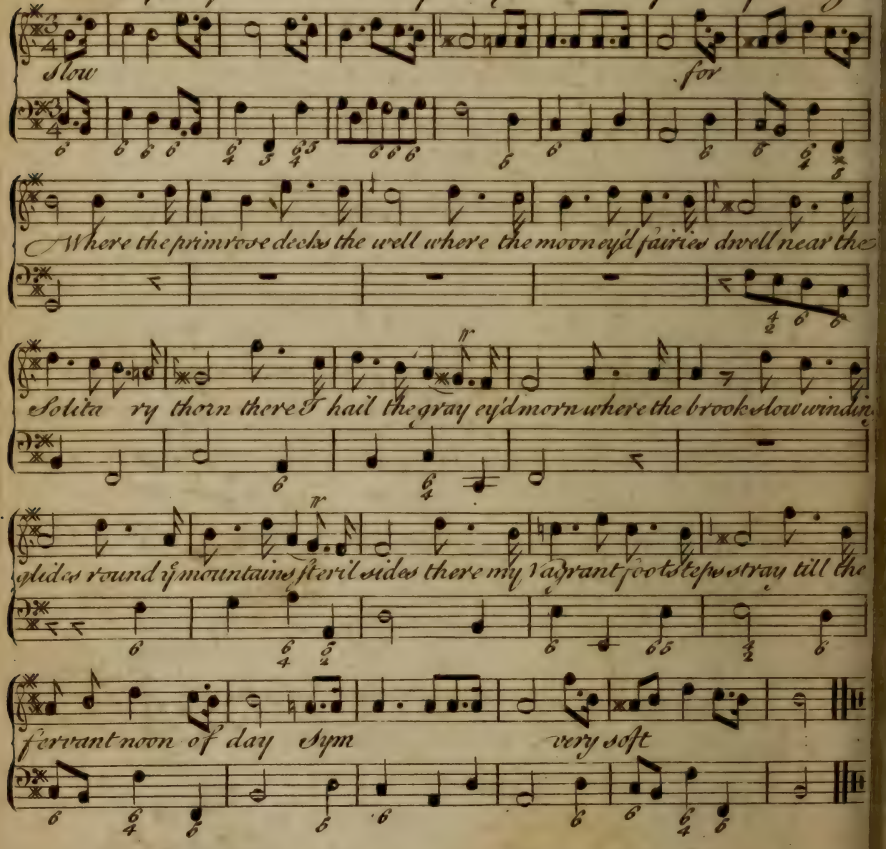
That your Heart should be de

fended while you wound us with your Eyes

Loves a senseless Inclination
Where no Mercy's to be found
But is just where kind compassion
Gives us balm to heal the Wound.

Persians paying solemn Duty
To the rising Sun inclin'd
So ever would adore his Beauty
But in hopes to make him kind

Sung by Miss Young in the Opera of Eliza


Slow
for
Where the primrose decks the well where the moon eyd fairies dwell near the
Solita ry thorn there I hail the gray eyd morn where the brook slow windin
glides round ye mountains steril sides there my Vagrant foot steps stray till the
fervant noon of day Sym
very soft

O'er the spreading Lawn and Vale,
Through the Copse I chant my tale:
Nor the shady thicket leave,
Till bright Vesper brings the Eve,
While the Village Milk-maid sings,
While the solemn Curfew rings,
While the plowman whistles home,
Ah! how pensive do I roam.

Strephon & Chloe

Beneath a beach as Strephon laid reclin'd on Chloes Breast she blusht &

thus ỹ gentle Maidher tender fear her tender fear confest

Wanton Shepher'd prithee

leave me you but Court me to deceive me you but court me to deceive me

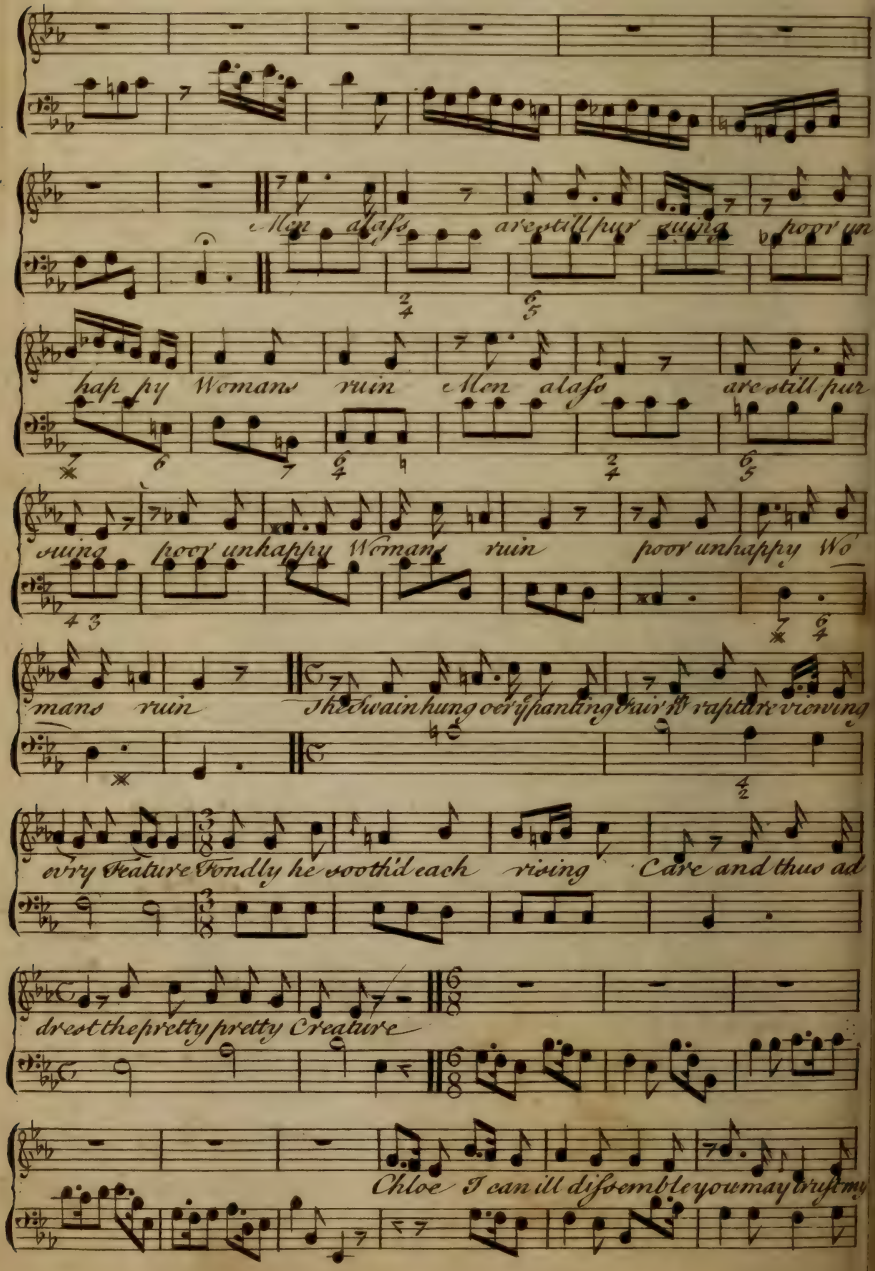
you but court me to deceive me

Prithee leave me wanton

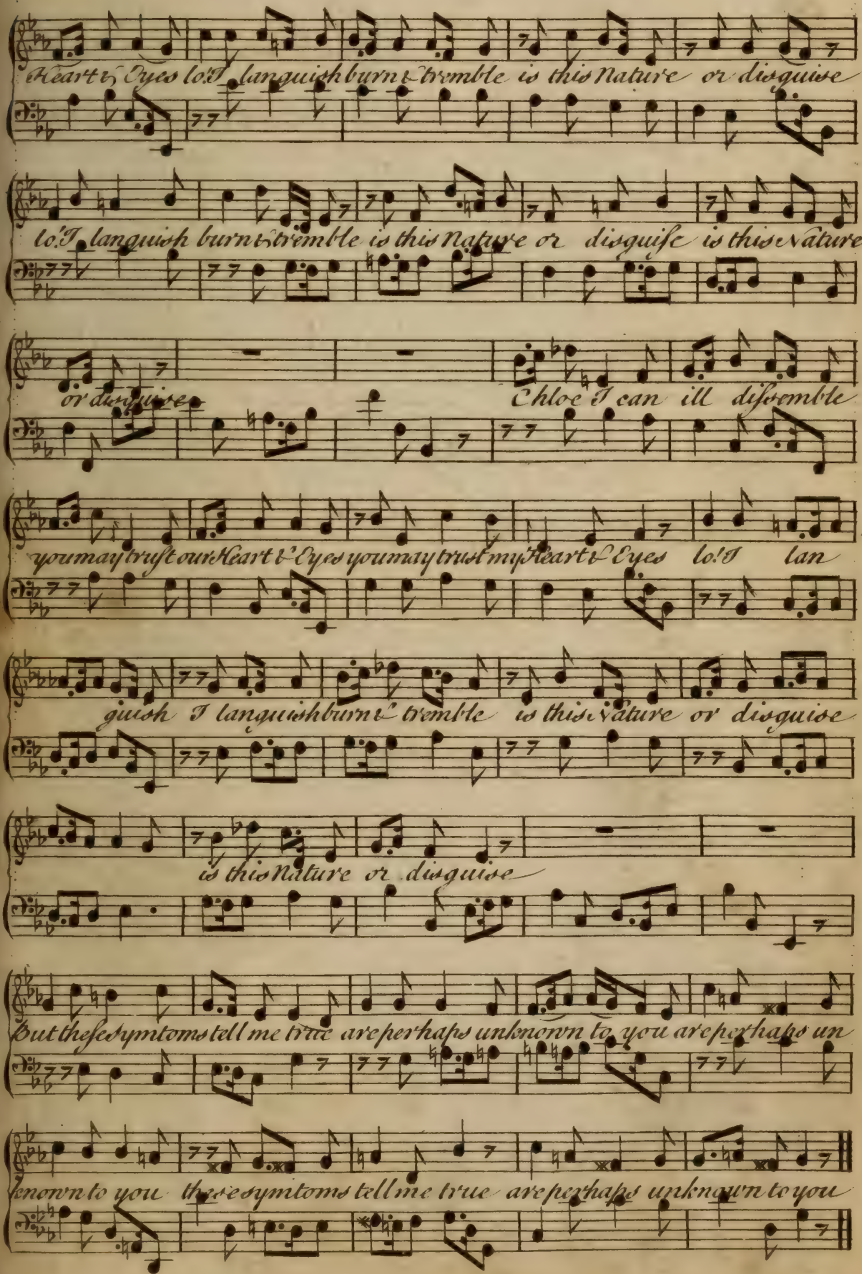
Shepherd you but court me to deceive me you but court

me to deceive me you but court me to deceive me

A favourite Cantata


Men alass are still pur suing poor un
happy Womans ruin Men alass are still pur
suing poor unhappy Womans ruin poor unhappy Wo
mans ruin The swain hung o'er it panting hair & rapture crowning
ev'ry feature Fondly he sooth'd each rising Care and thus ad
dress'd the pretty pretty Creature
Chloe I can ill dissemble you may try my

Set to Musick by Dr. Green


Heart & Eyes lo'I languish burn & tremble is this Nature or disguise
lo'I languish burn & tremble is this Nature or disguise is this Nature
or disguise
Chloe I can ill dissemble
you may trust our Heart & Eyes you may trust my Heart & Eyes lo'I lan
guish I languish burn & tremble is this Nature or disguise
is this Nature or disguise
But these symtoms tell me true are perhaps unknown to you are perhaps un
known to you these symtoms tell me true are perhaps unknown to you

Sung by Mr. Beard and Miss Young

Ah we neither can dissemble we may trust our Hearts & Eyes,

Ah we neither can dissemble,

Lo! I languish burn & tremble Lo! I languish burn & tremble

we may trust our Hearts & Eyes, Lo! I languish burn & tremble Lo! I languish

Nature triumphs o'er disguise Nature tri umphs o'er disguise Nature

Nature triumphs o'er disguise Nature tri umphs o'er disguise Nature

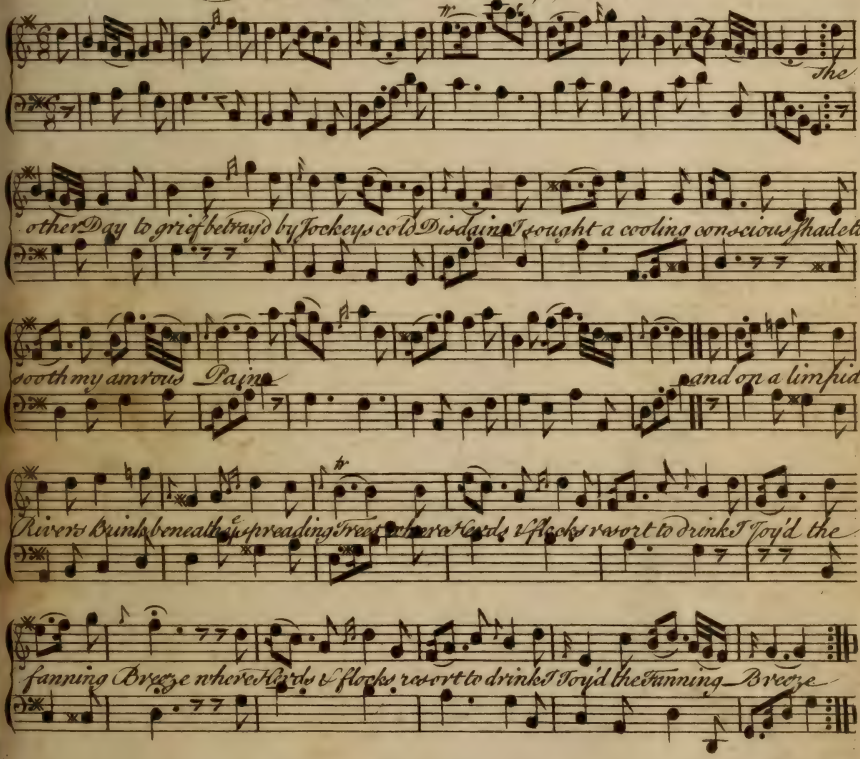
triumphs o'er disguise I tremble I languish burn & tremble Lo! I languish burn

triumphs o'er disguise I languish I languish burn & tremble Lo! I languish burn

tremble Nature tri umphs o'er disguise Nature triumphs o'er disguise

tremble Nature tre umphs o'er disguise Nature triumphs o'er disguise

A New Song.


the
other Day to grief betrayd by Jockeys cold Disdain I sought a cooling conscious shade to
sooth my amrous Pain
and on a limpid
Rivers Brink beneath its spreading Treat where Herds & Flocks resort to drink I Joy'd the
fanning Breeze where Herds & flocks resort to drink I Joy'd the Fanning Breeze

The Birds to tell their little loves
All strain'd their warbling throats
And Eccho answer'd through y Groves
The modulated Notes
The meado & Lawns in motly Dyes
Diffus'd their sweets around
And various Beauties met my Eyes
Along the enamel'd Ground

Soon was my evry Sence Suppress'd
In leaden Slumbers stole
Each Care was lull'd within my Breast
And Sleep Inform'd the whole
Methought while thus I lay reclin'd
The Roves of the Plain
Cry'd Phillis calm thy tortur'd mind
For Jockey's thine again

Then starting at so sweet a Sound
With raphrous Joys in view
To soon my self awake I found
And on my Shepher'd flew
Think fair ones how Surpriz'd was I
How shocking it must seem
To find no Jockey had been by
And all my Blys a Dream

Strephon & Cara A Dialogue

Cara

Oft I have with Wonder seen Blooming Nymphs & Jolly Swains
Sing and trip it o'r the Green then bewail their inward Pains
Strephon say for I am told you the Secret can Impart
whence the Changes I behold Cold and motionless my Heart

Strephon

Have you, Cara never read,
Of a blind, Mischievous Elf;
Gods and Men his power dread;
Nay, sometimes he wounds himself

Cara

Of the Urchin I have heard,
Of his Sharp, envenom'd Dart,
Shew, how I may always guard
Cold & motionless my Heart?

Strephon

Vain are precepts to dissuade,
Or to raise an amorous Flame,
Wait with Patience, lovely Maid,
Nature, is in all, the same,
Artless Darts you thro around,
Darts sink deepest without Art:
But beware, the fatal wound,
Fairer flames the unpractis'd Heart

Cara

Darts, & Pains, & Flames, & Wounds
Whence do all these Mischiefs spring
These are strange Misterious sounds
I've heard Farrinelli sing,
At Quadrill seen Mamma play,
Harlequin avert his Art:
Some faint Pleasure these convey,
Cold & motionless my Heart.

Strephon

Cara in thy tender Breast,
Sweet, treasur'd up remains:
Once if fir'd adieu to Rest
Stifled, greater are the pains.
Damon' views if you would learn
Whence proceeds the amorous Dart

Both

Too, too well { I / you } can discern
Ah { my / how } frail { you / ah } your fluttring Heart

The Comparison

Set by Mr Travers

Moderately slow

When first we see the ruddy Sun rise
from an Eastern Hill We look upon him
with delight and safe ly gaze our fitt

But when with noontide rays he shines
The glaring Light we shun.
It hurts our feeble Eyes to view
The Sun's Meridian.

But when at midday gayly dress'd
In Gold & Gems you shine,
The splendor of y Sun is far;
Less dangerous than thine.

Thus when in wrapping Gown you rise
To fence the Mornings Cold
Tis perfect Rapture to approach
Youre Heav'n to behold.

He must be more than Man that dare
To view a face so Bright,
For he will loose both Eyes & Heart
With the too Glorious Sight.

For the German Flute

The Maiden's Advice Set by Wm Holmes

Moderately Brisk

Vain Youth thy flat te

ry give over thy latent Arts I now Explore Detest your lawless Flame

Detest your lawless Flame hence from my sight & Virtue learn ij Chaste from Prosti

tutes discern The Chaste from Prostitutes discern Nor use them as the fam

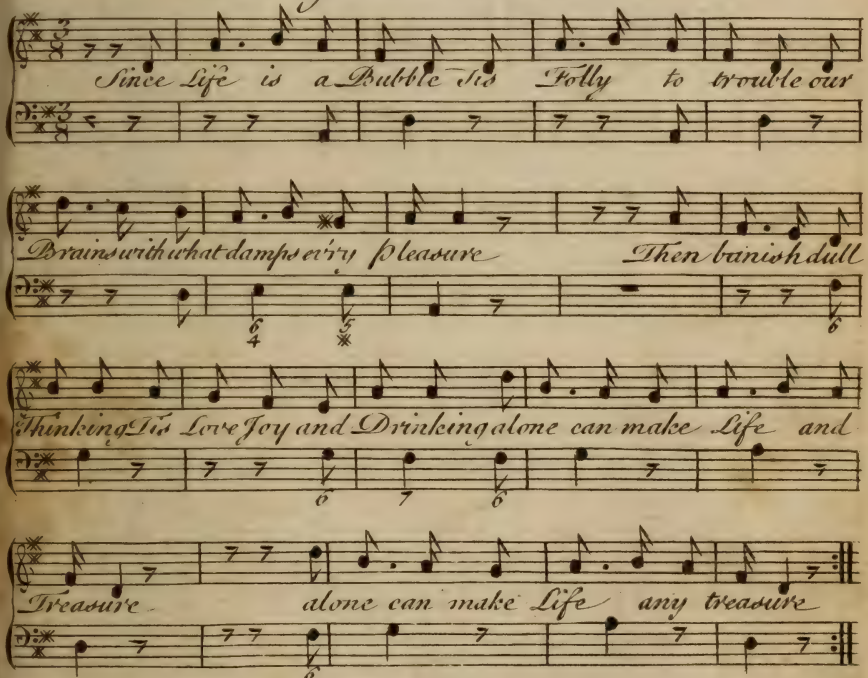
Nor use them as ij same

You say an Angel I appear —
As one why do you not revere,
Seek not my ruin thus —
Brittons their Females should respect
From Foreign Insults them protect
And they'd be bless'd by us.

You vow'd you lov'd me more then life
But yet refus'd me for your Wife;
When I seem'd to comply —
Love is a pure and Sacred Fire,
Yours but a Sensual desire,
Which you would gratify.

The Precept learn which I impart,
Ne'er strive to gain a Virgins Heart,
Only to please your will;
Have nobler thoughts of the fair Sex,
Your Actions let them ne'er perplex,
For chaste are Women still.

The Jovial Fellow


Since Life is a Bubble 'tis Folly to trouble our
Brains with what damps ev'ry pleasure Then banish dull
Thinking 'Tis Love Joy and Drinking alone can make Life and
Treasure alone can make Life any treasure

Since our time is so short —
We'll grasp ev'ry Sport —
And still lets be frolick & Gay
Why should we incumber —
With cares our vain Slumber
'Tis wisdom to live whilst we may

Were Gold & Misers Stiffle
And hoard the gay Triffle
But we'll make y Slave do his Du
It only Dispences —
True bliss to our Senses —
When it purchases Nectar & Beauty

Then push round the Glass —
The soft melting Lass —
Succeeds it to make you more blest —
Our Joys shall be common —
In wealth Wine and Woman —
Each pleasure of Life is possest —

The Beer-drinking Britton

Moderate

Ye true honest Britons who love your own Land Whose

Sires were so brave so Victorious and free who always beat France when they took her a-

hand Come join honest Britons in Chorus with me join in Chorus in

Chorus with me come join honest Britons in Chorus with me

Let us sing our own Treasures Old Englands good Cheer the

Set by Mr Arne & Sung by Mrs Beard

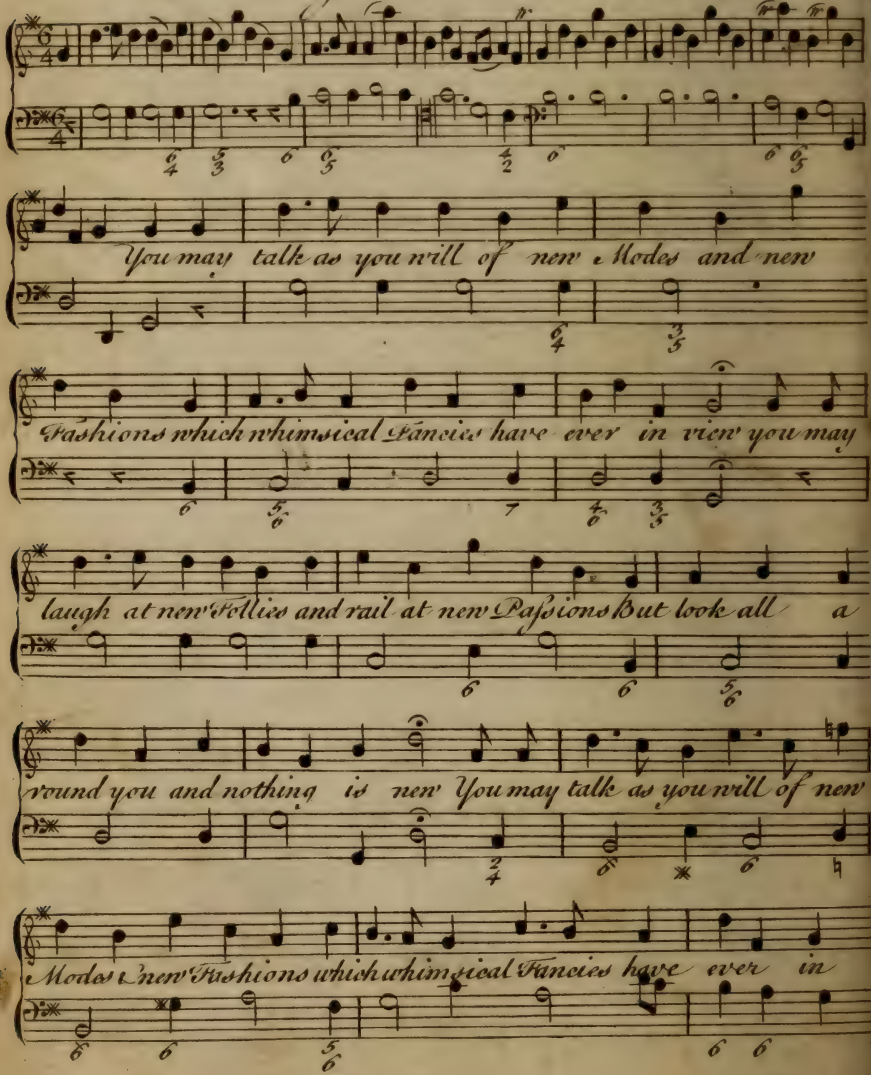
Profits & pleasures of stout British Beer your Wine tipling dram sipping Fellows re

treat but your Beer drinking Britons can never be beat

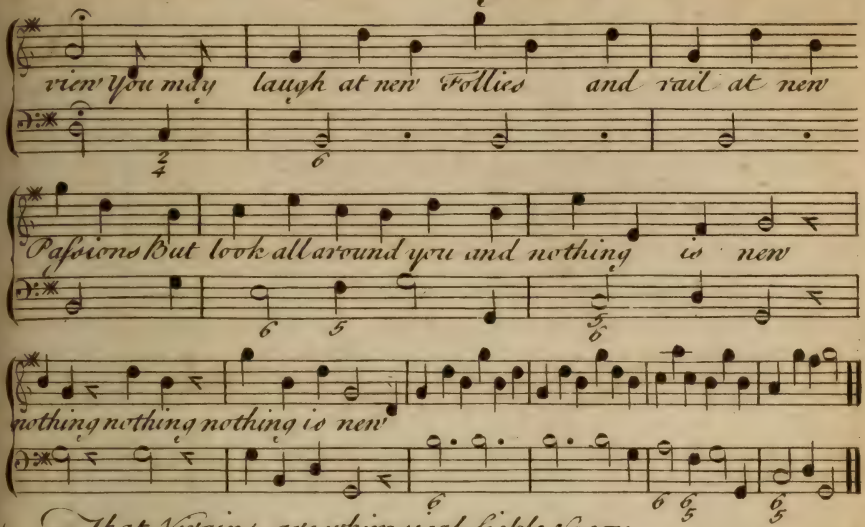
The French, with their Vineyards, are meagre and pale,
They Drink of the Squeazing of half ripin'd Fruit;
But we who have Hop Grounds to Mellow our Ale
Are Rosy & Plump, and have Freedom to Boot,
Let us Sing our own Treasure &c.

Should the French dare invade us, thus Armd with our poles,
We'll bang their bare Ribs, make their Lanthorn Jaws Ring,
For your Beef eating, Beer-drinking Brittons are Souls,
Who will shed their last Drop for their Country & King.
Let us Sing our own Treasure &c.

Nothing New the Words by Mr Worsdale


You may talk as you will of new Modes and new
Fashions which whimsical Fancies have ever in view you may
laugh at new Follies and rail at new Passions But look all a
round you and nothing is new You may talk as you will of new
Modes & new Fashions which whimsical Fancies have ever in

Set to Musick by Mr. Arne


view You may laugh at new Follies and rail at new
Passions But look all around you and nothing is new
nothing nothing nothing is new

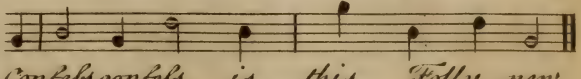
That Virgins are whimsical, fickle Decoy,
Affecting to shun what they fondly pursue,
Coquetting, yet sighing for conjugal Joy;
Confess, O ye Lovers, Is this folly new.

That Ladyes are Rakes, & turn Gamesters, that's worse,
And have nought but Intrigue, and Diversion in View,
With Loss of their Virtue redeeming their Purse,
Is a Nations disgrace, and I wish it were new.

That Frenchmen are Robbers and Bravos in War,
But drub'd into Manners, their Insolence rue,
That they sculk into Holes from the brave English Tar,
And lower their Topsails, is not at all new.

That the Hero of Prussia victoriously flies,
From Conquest, to Conquest, o'er thousands with few,
That Vienna is faithless to all her Allies,
Let England proclaim, who has prov'd it not new.

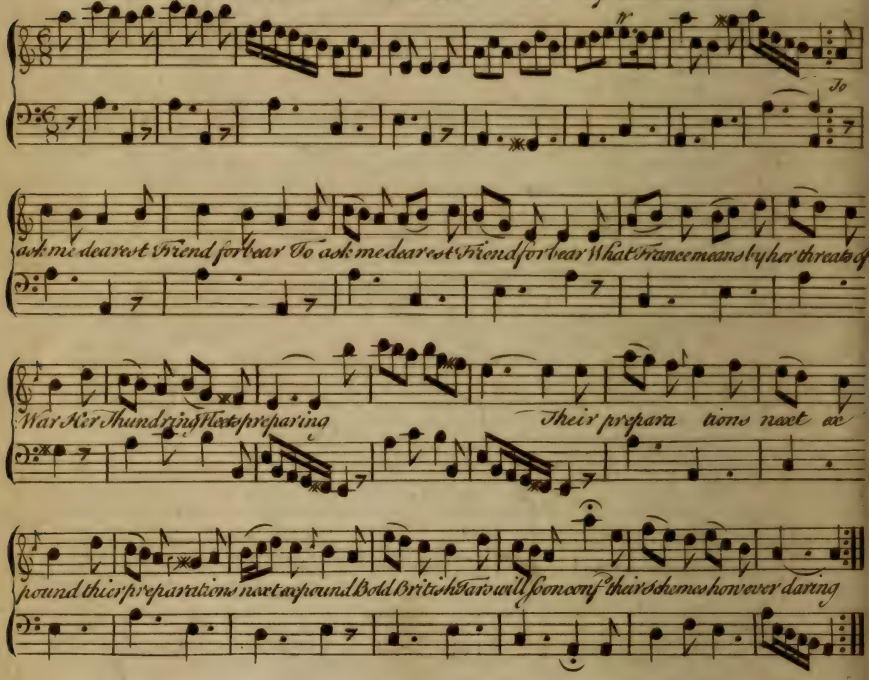
Let Britons unite and be wise as they're brave,
And bid to Contention & Faction adieu;
Then Glory shall crown them as Lords of the Wave,
And their Conquests of old, be surpass'd by the New.



End of 1st Verse..... Confess confess is this Folly new
End of 2d Verse..... I wish I wish I wish it were new
End of 3d Verse..... Not new not new is not at all new
End of 4th Verse..... Not new not new who has prov'd it not new
End of 5th Verse..... Surpass'd surpass'd surpass'd by the new

Brevitas Vitæ

Set by Mr Holmes


ask me dearest Friend for bear To ask me dearest Friend for bear What France means by her threats of
War Her Thundring Fleets preparing Their prepara tions next ex
pound their preparations next expound Bold British Tars will soon conf their schemes how ever daring

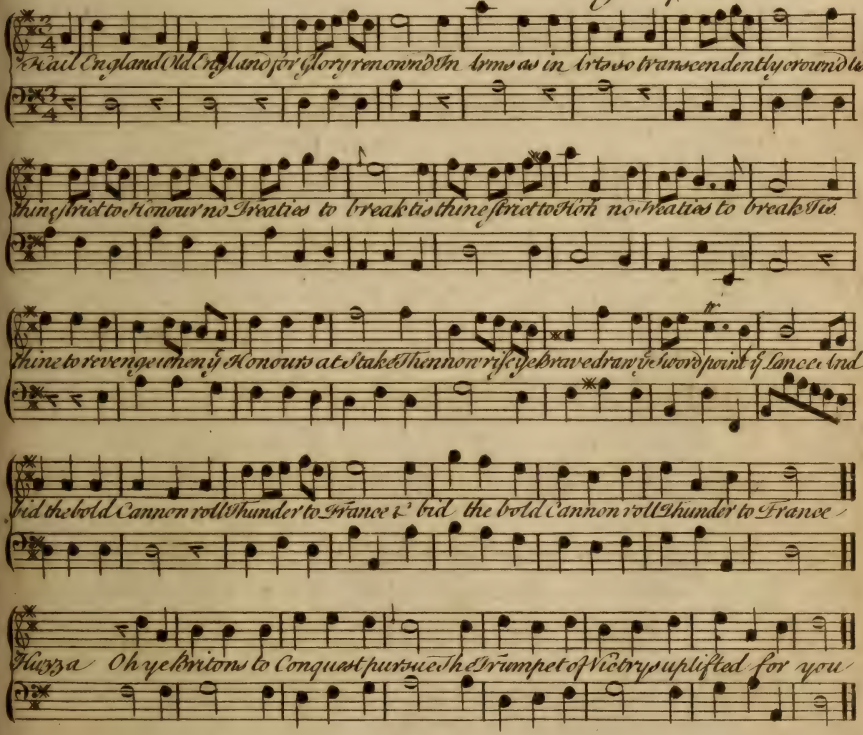
Our blooming Youth with all its flights
Its jovial Days & blissfull Nights
What various Joys attend
When time has powderd over with hoar
Our locks what have we more to do
With Father Brother Friend.

Let us my Friend in some cool shade
For secrecy and Friendship made
The fleeting hours improve
Tis Wine alone dispels our Care
The Glass will drown to morrows fear
And make us fit for Love.

The flowers that yearly glad the sight
And Lunas variable Light
Will fade & be no more
Then why this anxious care & strife
This trouble for so short a Life
That's dying every Hour.

Here you Sir Waiter in a Trice
Fill up the Bowl and here entice
Cloe my Hearts Desire
Tell her her Harp she must prepare
Bid her not stay to braid her Hair
For I am all Desire.

An Occasional Ode on the Success of our Arms


Hail England Old England for Glory renownd In Arms as in Arts so transcendently crownd tis
thine strict to Honour no Treaties to break tis thine strict to Hon no Treaties to break tis
thine to revenge when if Honours at Stake Then now rise ye Brave draw ye Sword point & Lance And
bid the bold Cannon roll Thunder to France & bid the bold Cannon roll Thunder to France
Huzza Oh ye Britons to Conquest pursue The Trumpet of Victory's uplifted for you

Hark Truth speaks already our Heroes prevail
The rouz'd English Lyon makes Gallia turn pale!
Thy Cunning, oh France, its own Fate will decree
Success to, damns on us by Land & by Sea!
And wide o'er the Main shall the British Flag fly,
To force that Submission which Pride would deny. Huza &c

Britannia rejoices your Ardour to see
My Sons, fight she cries, tis for Freedom & me
Tho' Gallia Ambition, Alliance explore
You'll conger them now, whom you've conquer'd before,
And triumph, these Truths to all Nations shall sing,
The Ocean is Georges, & George is your King Huza &c

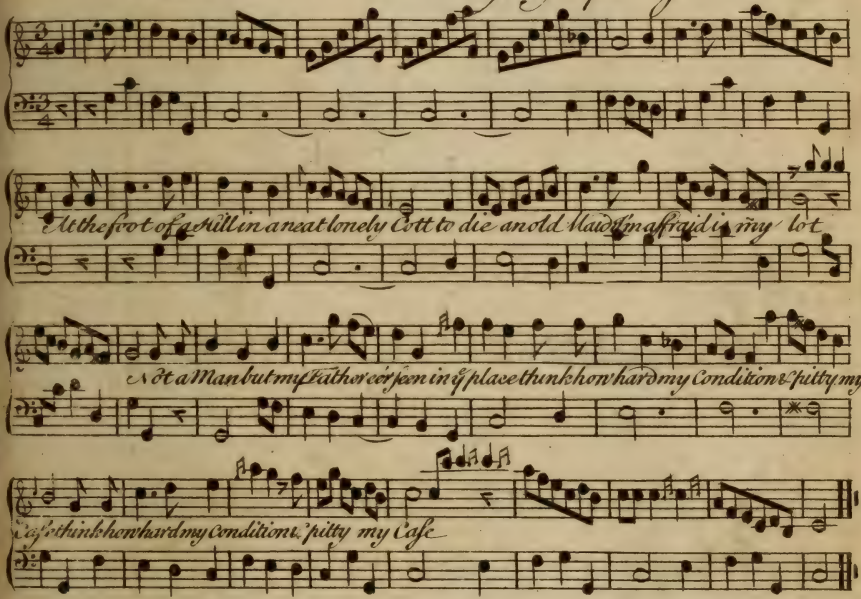
Credulity in Love recomended Set by Mr Arne

Loves a Dream of mighty Treasure
which in Fancy we possess In the Folly lyes the pleasure Wisdom
allways makes it less When in Love by Passion heated we a Goddess
have in Chace Like Jxi on we are cheated and an empty Cloud em
brace

Happy only is the Lover
Whom his Mistress well deceives
Seeking nothing to discover
He contended lives at Ease

But y^e Wretch who would be knowing
What the Fair one would disguise
Only seeks his own undoing
(Changing happy to be wise.)

The Maidens Case Sung by Miss Thomas


At the foot of a Hill in a neat lonely Cott to die an old Maid I'm afraid is my lot
Not a Man but my Father ere seen in my place thinks how hard my Condition & pitty my
Case thinks how hard my Condition & pitty my Case

Young Willey the pride of the Plains I adore,
He's handsome, good humour'd, has Riches in store,
But I'm a poor Damsel of Parentage base,
Think how hard my Condition & pity my Case.

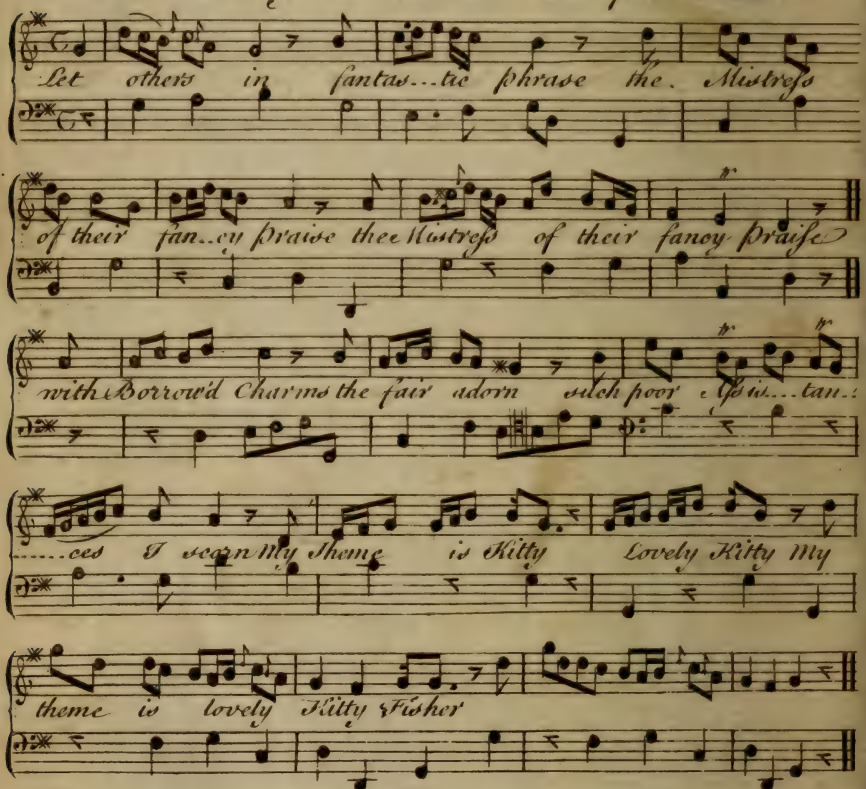
My Mother once caught us alone in the Dark,
She chid me and forc'd me away from my Spark
Then talk'd much of Sorrow, of Shame & Disgrace,
Think how hard my Condition and pity my Case.

Such a strange Alteration has seiz'd me of late,
Like a Turtle I mourn all the day for my Mate
At Night in my Dreams his blest Image I trace
Think how hard my Condition & pity my Case.

When e'er I think of him I sigh and look pale,
My Mother she asks me what ails me I tell,
My rural Companions, all look in my face,
And in friendly compassion they pitty my Case.

O Hymen! be kind & give ear to my Sighs,
Restore my young Shepherd once more to my Eyes;
The dear nuptial moment with Joy I'll embrace
And Maidens shall envy, not pity my Case.

Kitty Fisher — Set by Mr. Baker


Let others in fantas...tic phrase the Mistress
of their fan...cy praise thee Mistress of their fancy praise
with Borrow'd Charms the fair adorn such poor Ops is...tan...
.....ces I scorn My Theme is Kitty Lovely Kitty My
theme is lovely Kitty Fisher

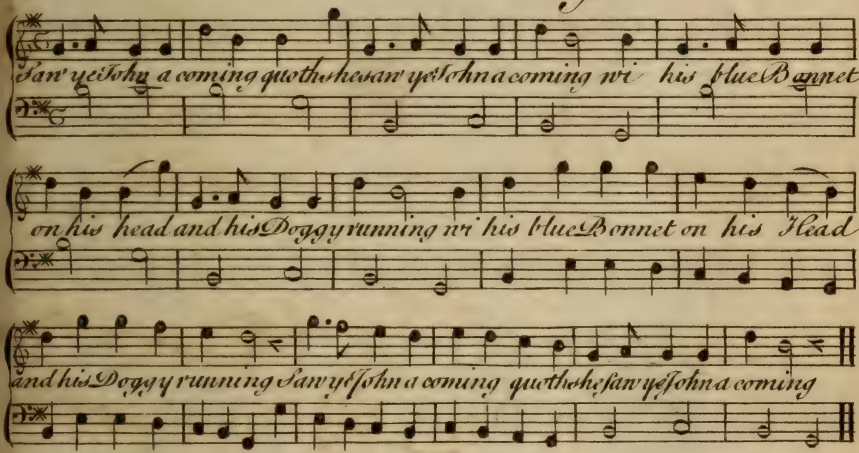
Let Sol his light enjoy in peace
The Snows their wonted Streams increase
I borrow neither flame nor ray
When Ly beauties would display
Of lovely Kitty &c.

All must her Wit & Sence admire
They give to every breast desire
For Swarms of little loves are hung
On every word that lips the Tongue
Of lovely Kitty.

The Rosas bloom upon her Cheek
Less whites the lilly than her Neck
Her Eyes are brighter than Ly Day
And sweeter Ly breath as new Morn hay
Of lovely Kitty &c.

Blest is the Man who in her Arms
Possesses her unbounded Charms
I'll envy not Joves bliss divine
If but the happy fate be Mine
To clasp sweet

A new Scotch Song


Saw ye John a coming quoth she saw ye John a coming wi his blue Bonnet
on his head and his Doggy running wi his blue Bonnet on his Head
and his Doggy running Saw ye John a coming quoth she saw ye John a coming

Oh how weel I Loo him quoth she
Oh how weel I Loo him,
For he is a bonny Lad,
An' a weel doing,
For he is a bonny Lad
And a weel doing.
Oh! &c

If ye donna fee him Father,
If ye donna fee him,
Ise gird my Coat about my waist
And Ise gang wi him,
Ise gird my Coat about my waist
And Ise gang wi him,
If ye &c

Fee him Father, fee him quoth she,
Fee him Father, fee him,
For a the Work about the House
Gangs forward when I see him,
For a the work about the House
Gangs forward when I see him,
Fee him &c

What mun I do wi him quoth he
What mun I do wi him,
Hes neer a Sark unteel his back,
Nor ha I ean to gi him,
Hes neer a Sark unteel his back,
Nor ha I ean to give him,
What mun &c

Hell muck the Byer thrash ith Barn,
And Lig wi me at E'en,
I ha twa Sarks within my Kist,
The best o them Ise gi him,
I ha twa Sarks within my Kist,
The best o them Ise gi him
And I will make his Bed at E'en
And Lig down wi him,

Hebe a Pastoral Ballad

Moderately Brisk

When forc'd from dear Hebe to go what

anguish I felt at my Heart and I thought but it might not be

so she was sorry to see me depart she cast such a languishing

View my path I could scarcely discern so sweetly she bid me a

dieu I thought that she bid me return I thought that she

Set to Musick by Mr Arne Senr

bid me return

Methinks she might like to retire,
To the Grove I had labour'd to rear
For what ever I heard her admire,
I hasted and planted it there;
Her Voice such a pleasure conveys
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak & what ever she says,
I'm sure still to love her the more

To see when my Charmer goes by
Some Hermit peep out of his Cell
How he thinks on his Youth with a sigh
How fondly he wishes her well;
On him she may smile if she please
It will warm the cool bosom of age
Yet cease, gentle Hebe, O cease
Such softness will ruin the sage.

And now e're I haste to ỹ Plain,
Come Shepherds & talk of her ways
I could lay down my life for ỹ swain
That will sing me a song in her praise
While he sings may ỹ Maids of ỹ Town
Come flocking & listen the while,
Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
But I cannot allow her to smile

I've stole from no Flow'rets ỹ grow
To paint ỹ dear Charms I approve
For what can a blossom bestow
So sweet so delightful as Love,
I sung in a rustical way,
& Shepherd & one of the throng
Yet Hebe approves of my Lay
So poets and envy my song.

For the German Flute

Delia A favourite Song

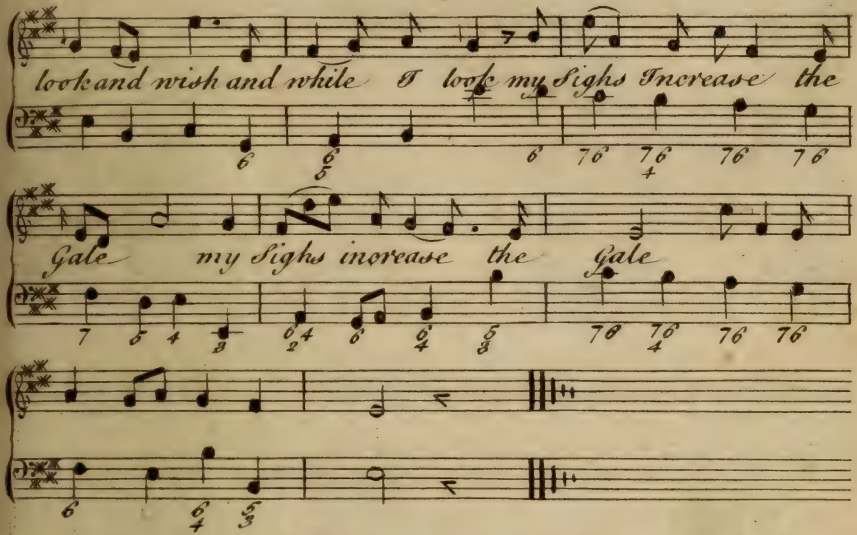
Soft pleasing pains unknown before my

beating Bosoom feels When I behold the bliss....full

Bow'r where dearest Delia dwells that way I daily

drive my Flock Ah! happy happy Vale There

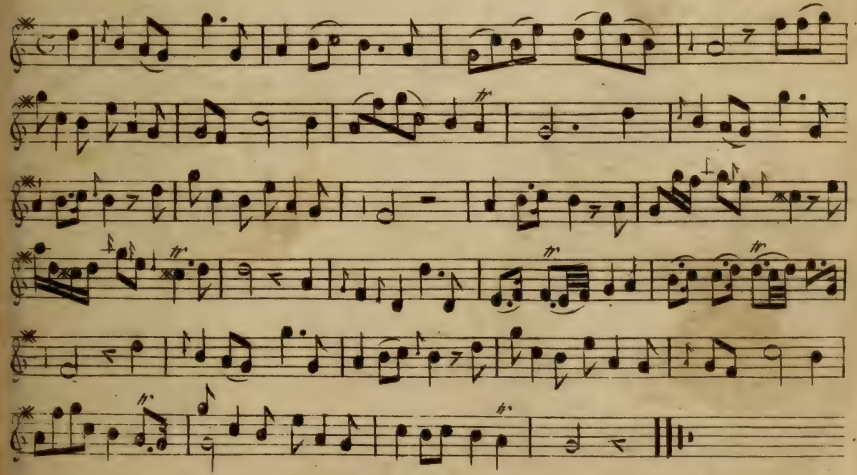
Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



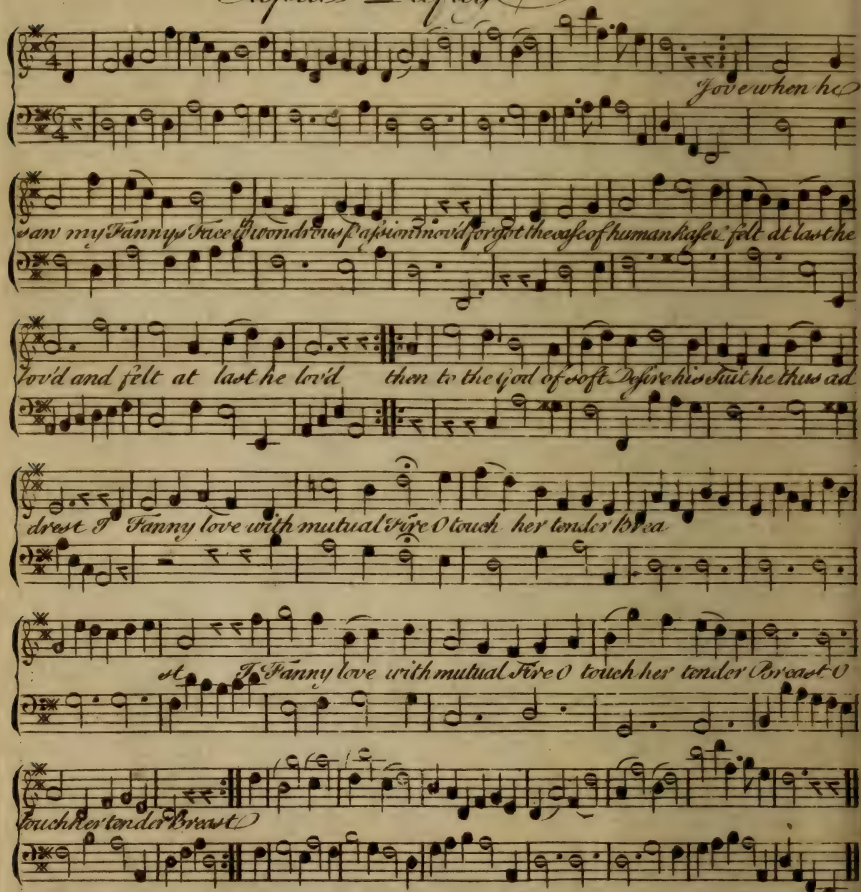
Sometimes at Midnight do I stray
Beneath inclement Skies
And there my true Devotion pay
To Delias Sleep seald Eyes
So pious Pilgrims nightly roam
With tedious Travel faint
To kiss alone the Clay cold Tomb
Of some lov'd favrit Saint.

O tell ye Shades that fold my Fair
And all my Bliss contain
Ah why should ye those blessings share
For which I sigh in vain
But let me not at Fate repine
And thus my Griefs impart
She's not your Tenant she is mine
Her Mansion is my Heart.

For the German Flute.



Cupids Refuge


Jove when he
saw my Fannys Face & wondrous Passion moved forgot the ease of humane life felt at last he
Jov'd and felt at last he lov'd then to the God of soft Desire his Suit he thus ad
dress'd If Fanny love with mutual Fire O touch her tender Breast
If Fanny love with mutual Fire O touch her tender Breast O
touch her tender Breast

Your sighs are hopeless, Cupid cry'd
I lov'd the Maid before,
What rival me! the Pow'r replys,
Whom Gods and Men adore,
He grasp'd y bolt the shook y strings
Of his imperial Throne,
While Cupid rear'd his rosey Wings
And in a breath was gone.

O'er Earth & Seas the Godhead flew
But still no shelter found,
For as he fled his dangers grew
And Lightning flash'd around,
At last to his trembling fears impel
His flight to Fanny's Eyes,
Where happy & pleas'd he dwells
Nor minds his native Skies.

Sung by Miss Bricklayer in the Opera of Eliza

When you gave me a garland & call'd me your dear when you saw me your May lady
crown'd for the Year I flung it away nor would hear what you said While
Pan & fair Ceres were banish'd the mead while Pan & fair Ceres were banish'd
mead For with them the soft graces the sweet loves are fled and with them all our
pastimes & pleasures are dead for why little Cupid has broken his bow and
who the dear blessings of love can bestow and who the dear blessings of
love can bestow

The Judicious Fair

You tell me I'm handsome I know not how

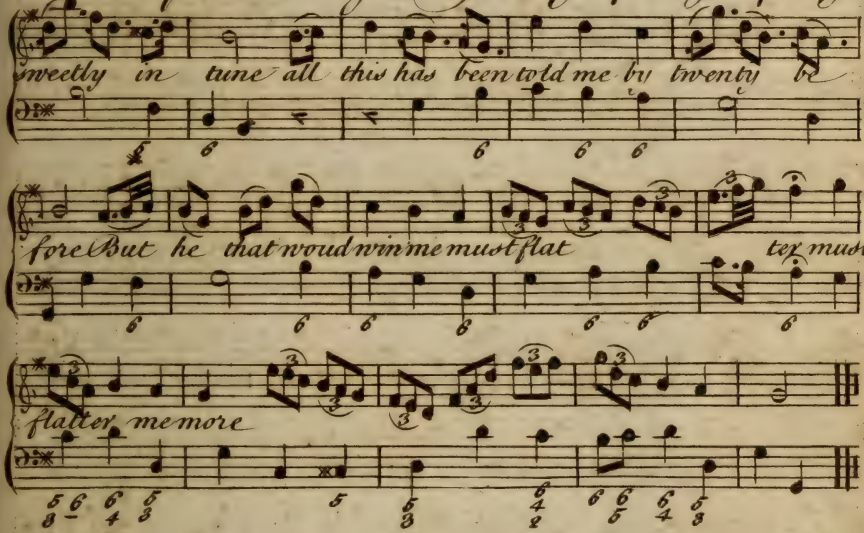
true and Easy and Chatty and Good humour'd too and

Easy and Chatty and Good humour'd too

That my lips are as red as a

Rose bud in June and my Voice like the Nightingales

Set by Mr. Bryan & Sung by Miss Young



If Beauty from Virtue receive no supply,
Or Prattle from Prudence, how wanting am I;
My Ease and Good humour short raptures will bring
And my Voice like the Nightingale's know but a Spring
For Charms such as these then your praises give o'er
To Love me for Life you must yet Love me more.

Then talk to me not of a Shape or an Air,
For Chloe the wanton can rival me there;
'Tis Virtue alone that makes Beauty look Gay,
And brightens Good humour as Sunshine the Day;
For that if you love me your flame shall be true,
And I in my turn may be taught to Love too.

Sally a favourite Song

Sure Sally is the Lovliest Lass that
eer gave Shepherd Glee Not May day in its Morning
Dress is half so fair as she Let Poets paint the
Paphian Queen and fancy'd Forms adore Ye Bards had
ye my Sally Seen Ye'd think of those no

Set to Musick by Mr Arne Senr

More

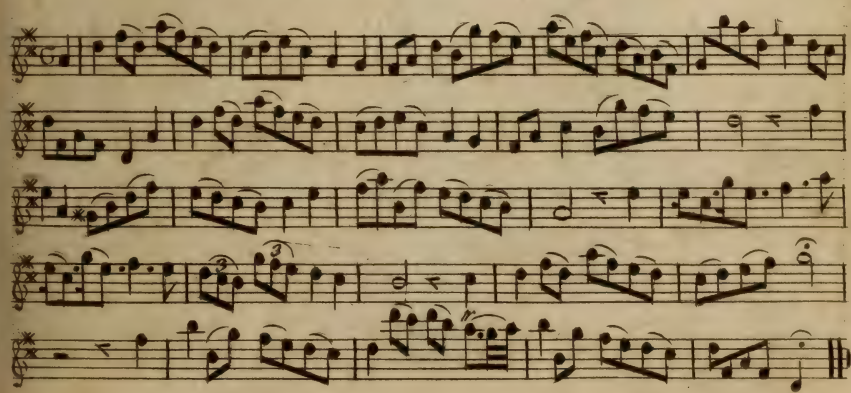
No more ye'd prate of Hylas bill
Where Bees their Honey sip,
Did ye but know ye sweets ye dwell
On Sallys Love fraught Lip.
But ah take head ye tuneful swains
The ripe temptation shun
Or else like me ye'll wear her Chains
Ye'll be like me undone.

But now the Gloomy Grove I seek
Where Love lorn Shepherds stray,
There to ye Winds my Griefs I speak
And sigh my Soul away.
No ought but Dispair my fancy paints
No dawn of Hope I see,
For Sallys pleas'd at my Complaints
And laughs at Love & me.

Once in my Cott secure I slept;
Then Larklike hail'd the Morn,
More sportive then ye Kids I kept,
I wanton'd o'er the Lawn.
To ev'ry Maid Loves Tale I told,
And did my Truth aver,
Yet eer ye parting Kiss was Cold
I laugh'd at Love & her.

Since this my poor neglected Lambs
So late my only Care
Have left their fond their fleecy Dams
And strayd I know not where.
Alas! my Eyes in vain you bleat,
My Lambkins lost adieu
No more we on ye plain shall meet
For loss to your Shepherd too.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



Disappointment A Pastoral

Ye Shepherds give Ear to my

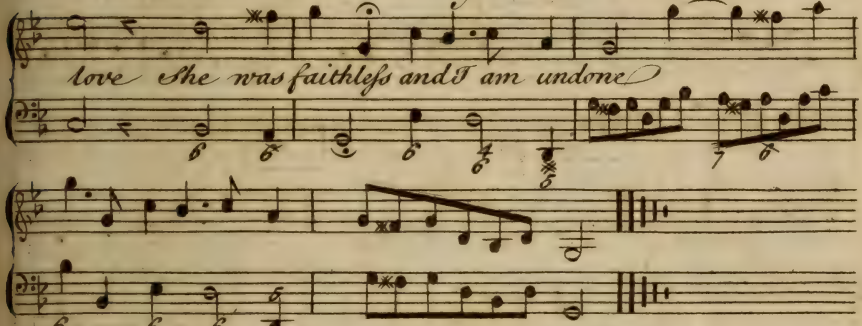
Lay and take no more heed of my Sheep They have

nothing to do but to stray I have nothing to do but to

weep Yet do not my Folly reprove She was

fair and my Passion begun She smil'd and I coud not but

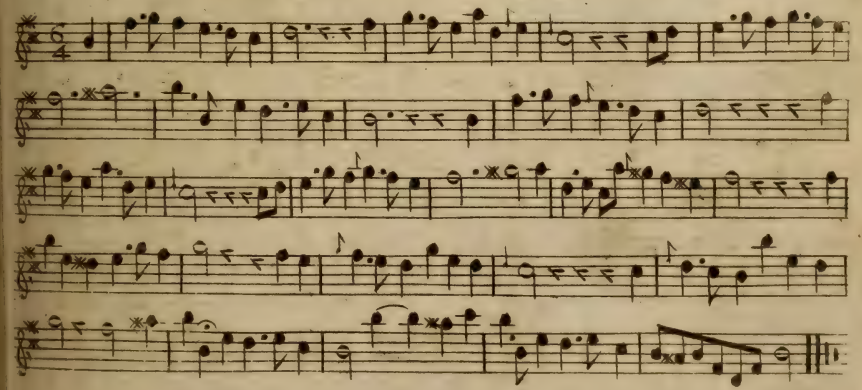
Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



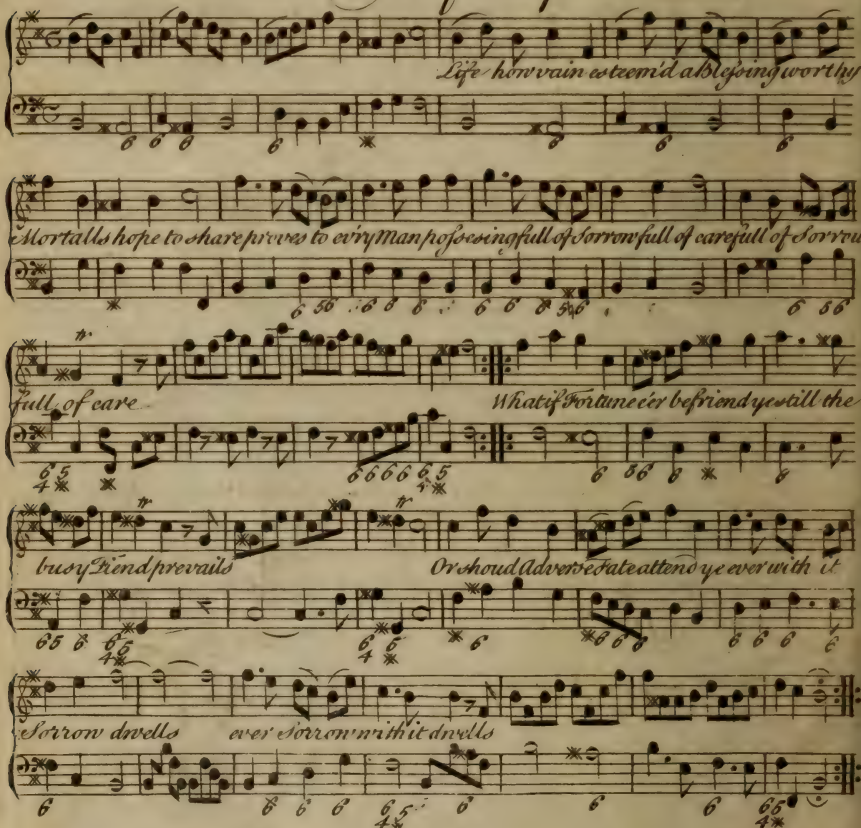
The sweets of a dew sprinkled Rose
The sound of a murmering Stream
The peace which from Solitude flows
Henceforth shall be Coridons Theme
High Transports are shewn to ỹ sight
But we are not to find them our own
Fate never bestow'd such delight
As I with my Phillis had known.

Ye Woods spread your branches apace
To your deepest recesses I fly
I woud hide with ỹ Beasts of ỹ chace
I woud vanish from ev'ry Eye
Yet my Reed shall resound thro ỹ Grove
With ỹ same sad Complaint it begun
How she smild & I coud not but love
Was faithless and I am undone.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



Vanity of Life


Life how vain esteem'd a Blessing worthy
Mortalls hope to share proves to every Man possessing full of Sorrow full of carefull of Sorrow
full of care
What if Fortune e'er befriend ye still the
busy Fiend prevails
Or should Adverse Fate attend ye ever with it
Sorrow dwells
ever Sorrow with it dwells

See the Beau in Chariot lolling,
All without a Gaudy Scene;
Take him on his Pillow rolling,
Slave to Tyrant Thought within,
Grant the fawning Courtier favour,
Give him all his hopes pursue;
Still you hear him craving ever,
Still he pines for something new.

Fill the Misers Bags with Treasure
Spread the Heroe's Glory round;
Fear outweighs the Scale of pleasure
Envy tramples Honour down,
Places, Titles, Pomp & Riches,
Sweets imbitter'd are by Pain;
Thus Experience daily teaches,
Life and all its Joys are vain.

A New Song

To Fanny

Fair I would impart the Cause of all my Love that Beauty which has
won my Heart she scarcely seems to know unskill'd in Arts of Woman kind with
out design she Charms How can the sparkling Eye be blind which every
Bosom Warms which ev'ry Bosom Warms

She knows her power 'tis all deceit
Her Concious Blushing shews,
That Blushing tw'ixt Eye more sweet
Than opening Budding Rose?
But the delicious fragrant Rose,
That charms the Sences so much,
Upon a Thorny Brier grows,
And Wounds when e'er you touch
(And Wounds &c.

So when I first beheld the Fair,
With Raptures I was blest,
But when I would approach to near
At once I lost all Rest?
Th'enchanting sight Th'sweet surprize
Prepar'd me for my Doom,
And one cold look from those bright Eyes
Would lay me in my Tomb.
Would lay me &c

Hope A Pastoral

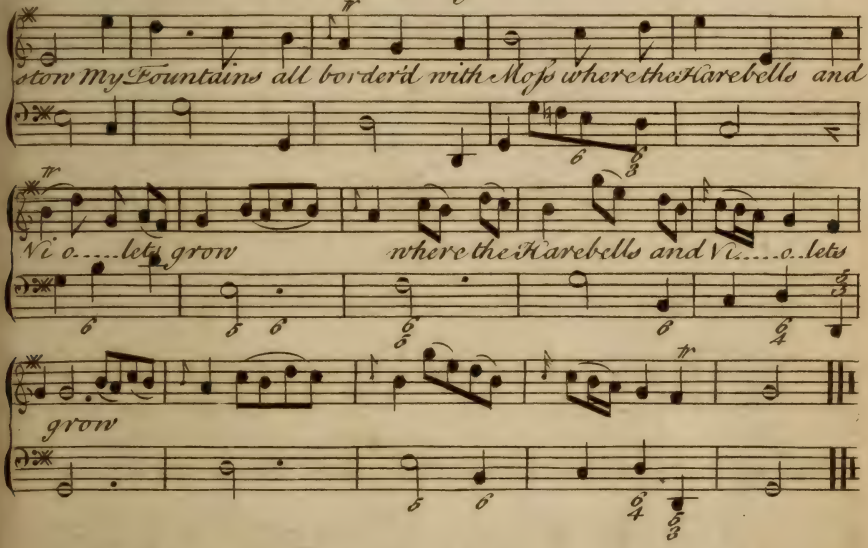
My Banks they are furnish'd with Bees whose

murmer invites one to sleep My Grottos are shaded with

Trees and my hills are white over with Sheep I

Seldom have met with a Lass such health do my Mountains be

Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



I've found out a Gift for my Fair,
I've found where the Wood-pidgeons breed;
But let me that Plunder forbear,
She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed;
He ne'er could be true, she averd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young,
And I lov'd her the more when I heard,
Such Tenderness fall from her Tongue.

But where does my Phillida stray,
And where are her Grots and her Bow'rs
Are the Groves and the Vallies as gay,
And the Shepherds as gentle as Ours:
The Groves may perhaps be as fair,
The Face of the Vallies as fine,
The Swains may in Manners compare,
But their Love is not equal to mine.

The Tempest of War

with spirit

Let the Tempest of War be heard from afar while the

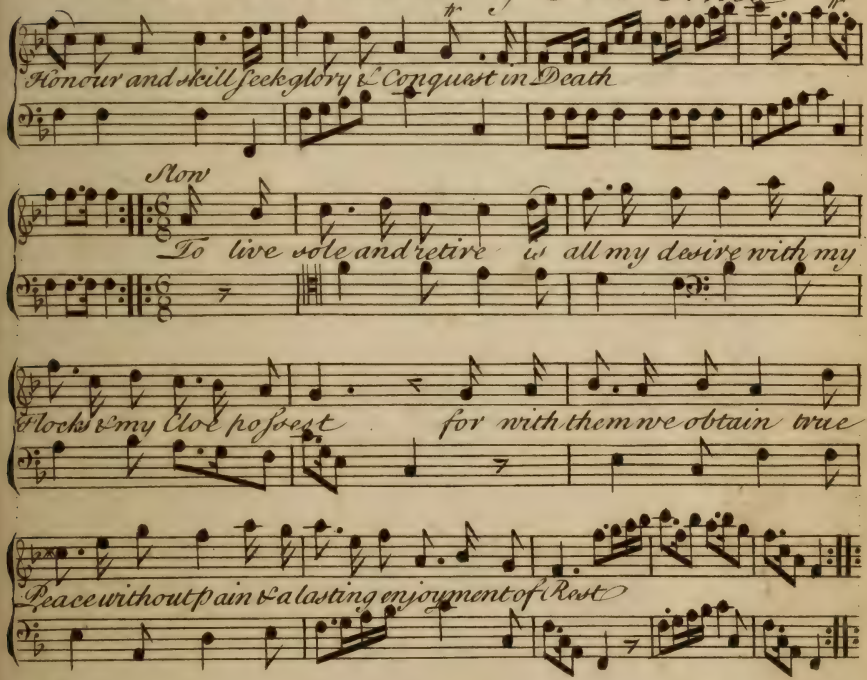
Trumpets shrill Clangor alarms Let the Valleys ra

round with echo resound and a terrible clashing of

Arms Let Rivers of Blood run

down in a Flood while Mortals are Gasp^g for Breath let th' Brave if they will by

Set to Musick by Mr. Orme


Honour and skill seek glory & Conquest in Death
Slow
To live sole and retire is all my desire with my
Flocks & my Cloe possest for with them we obtain true
Peace without pain & a lasting enjoyment of Rest

In a Cottage or Cell where Shepherds do dwell
In Innocence Freedom & Ease
We lead peaceable Lives who are blest'd with good Wives
That study their Husbands to please
What Blessings below can Heavn bestow
Excelling such quiet as this
No affliction come here no grief interfere
To lessen our measure of bliss

Sollicitude A Pastoral

Tenderly

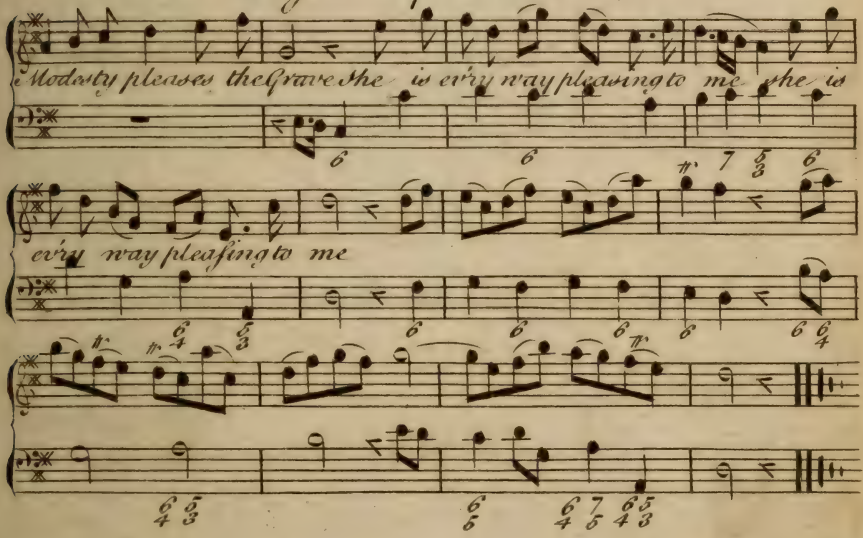
Why will you my Passion reprove why

term it Folly to grieve Or if I tell you the Charms of my Love she is

fairer than you can believe she is fair er than you can believe with her

When she enamours if brave with her Wit she engages the free With her

Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



When Paridel tries in the Dance,
Some Favour with Phillis to find,
O how, with one trivial Glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my Mind, Might she &c
In Ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his Crook is be-studded around,
And his Pipe — Oh may Phillis beware
Of a Magic there is in the Sound, Of a Magic &c

Let his Crook be with Hyacinths bound,
So Phillis the trophy despise,
Let his forehead with Laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phillis's Eyes, So they &c
The Language that flows from the heart,
Is a stranger to Paridel's Tongue,
Yet may she beware of his Art,
Or sure I must envy the Song, Or sure &c

The Toast

Sung by Mr Beard

Recit

When Bacchus jolly God invites to revel in the Evning Rites In vain his Altar I sur-

round the with Burgundian Insence crown'd No charms his Wine without the Lass

Air

tis Love gives relish to the Glass

Allegro

While all around with jocund glee in Brimmers Toast their favrites the

tho every Nymph my Lips proclaim my Heart still whispers Chloes Name

And thus with me by Amrous stealth still every Glass is

Chloes Health still every Glass is Chloes Health

Sung by Mr. Lowe in Tamerlane

Gently

thee Oh! gentle Sleep a lone is owing all our peace by thee our

Joys are heightend shown by thee our Sorrows cease

The Nymph whose hand by fraud or Force
Some Tyrant has possess'd
By thee obtaining a Divorce
In her own choice is blest

Oh! stay Arpasia bids thee stay
The sadly weeping Fair
Conjures thee not to loose in Day
The object of her Care

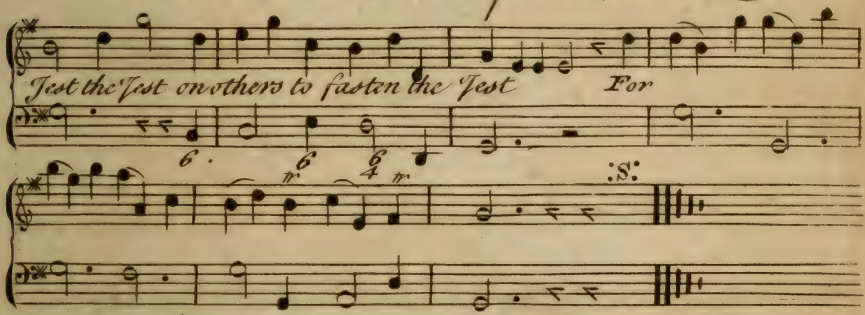
To Grasp whose pleasing Form she sought
That motion chas'd her Sleep
Thus by our Selves are oftnest wrought
The Griefs for which we weep

For the German Flute

A Touch on the Times

Come listen and laugh at the Times since Folly was never so
ripe For ev'ry Man laughs at those Times that gives his own Follies a
Where We live in a kind of Disguise we flatter we lye and pro
test While each of us craftily tries on others to fasten the

Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



The Virgin, when first she is woo'd,
Returns ev'ry Sigh with disdain,
And while by her Lover pursu'd,
Can laugh at his Folly and Pain;
But when from her Innocence won,
And doom'd for her Virtue to mourn,
When she feels herself lost and undone
He laughs at the Fool in his turn.

The fools who at Law do contend,
Can laugh at each others distress,
And while the dire Suit does depend,
Ne'er think how their Substance grows less,
Till hamper'd by tedious Expence,
Altho' to Compound they are loath,
They'll find when restor'd to their Sense,
The Lawyers sit laughing at both.

But while we perceive it the Fashion,
For each Fool to laugh at each other,
Let us strive with a Gen'rous Compassion,
To Correct not contemn one another;
We all have some Follies to hide,
Which known, would dishonour the best,
And Life, when 'tis thoroughly tryd,
Like Friendship, will seem but a jest.

The kind Inconstant

Tenderly

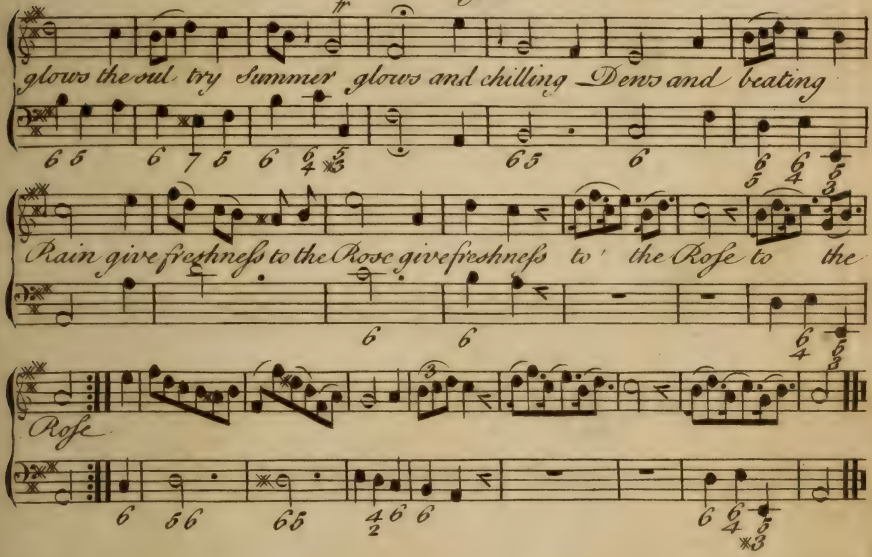
Why Cloe still those Jealous Heats and

why that falling Tear the Heart that to a

thousand beats to one may be sincere to one may be sin

cere to sweeten Autumns milder Reign The cold icy Summers

Set to Musick by Mr. Arne


glows the soul try Summer glows and chilling Dews and beating
Rain give freshness to the Rose give freshness to the Rose to the
Rose

If I my Chloe to endear
To meaner Beauties stray
And call December to my Year
To brighten up the May
To brighten up the May
Then weep not that my Heart is inclin'd
To ev'ry Face that's new
To ev'ry Face that's new
I wander to return more kind
And change but to be true
But to be true.

Damon Sung by Miss Thomas

Lively

Sure Damon

is the blithest Swain that ever trod the Lea His honest heart nèer

gave me pain it ever dwells with me For

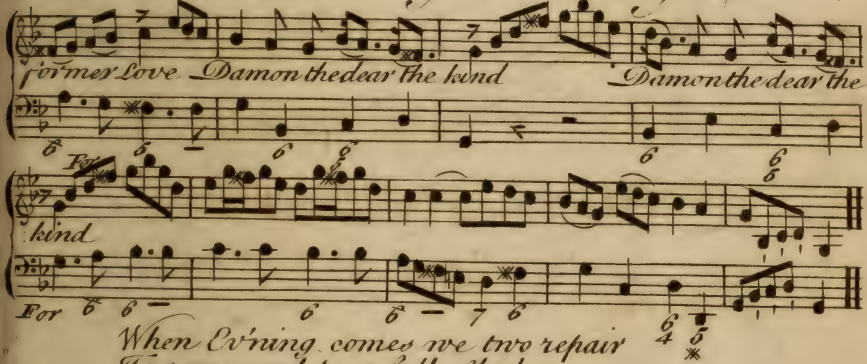
For

Whenever I wander in the

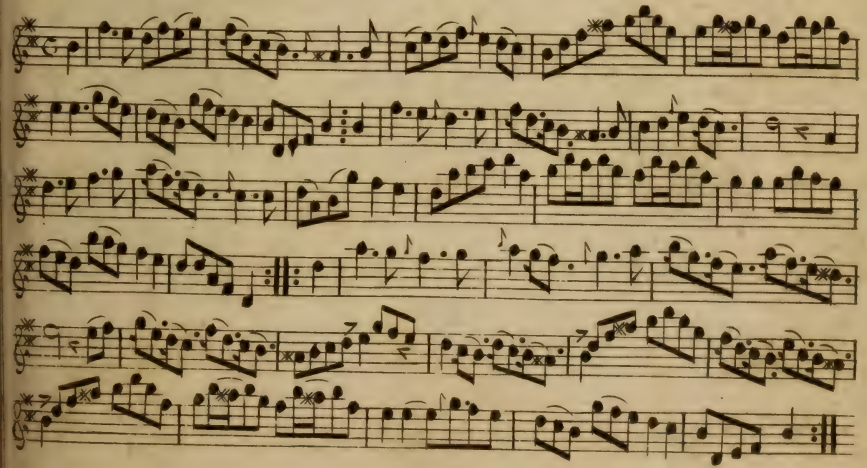
Grove His always in my mind I think on all our

For Pia

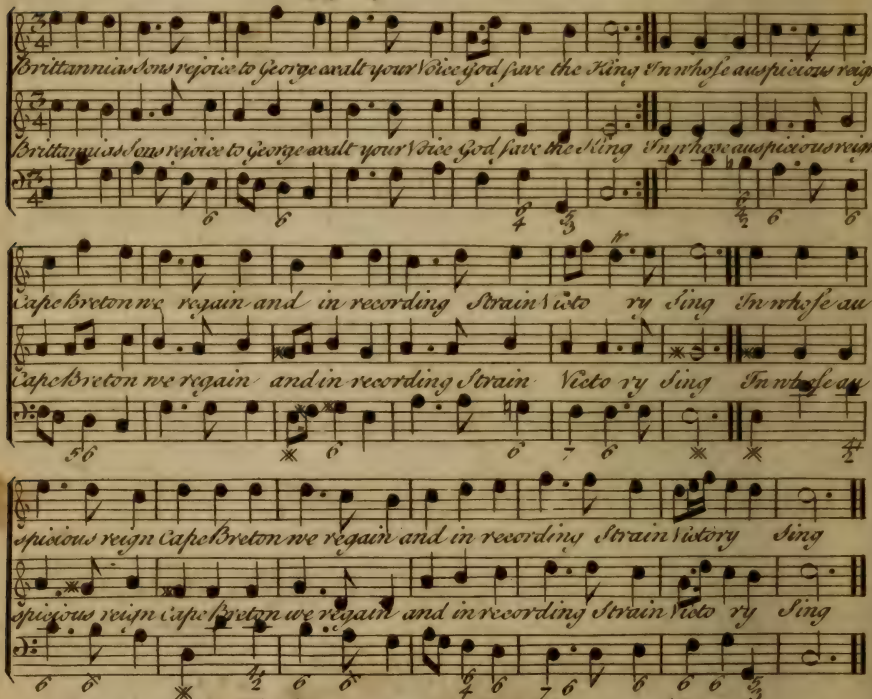
Set to Musick by Mr Bryan



When Ev'ning comes we two repair
To some cool peacefull Shade,
There breath in private all our Care,
And Toy upon the Glade,
If For my share of happyness
Kind Heav'n would him baston,
With other Blessings, great or less,
Let all Mankind overflow.



A Song for three Voices


Brittannias Sons rejoice to George exalt your Voice God save the King In whose auspicious reign
Brittannias Sons rejoice to George exalt your Voice God save the King In whose auspicious reign
Cape Breton we regain and in recording Strain Victo ry Sing In whose au
Cape Breton we regain and in recording Strain Victo ry Sing In whose au
spicious reign Cape Breton we regain and in recording Strain Victory Sing
spicious reign Cape Breton we regain and in recording Strain Victo ry Sing

Amherst, and Boscawen
And all their British Men,
Like Hero's shone,
Thanks be to patriot Pitt,
Whose penetrating wit,
And wisdom judg'd it fit,
To set them on.

To grant thus nobly won,
That never Cape Breton,
Again may fall,
May British Bands protect,
While British Hearts direct,
And Gallic Schemes detect,
God save us all.

The End of the Second Volume